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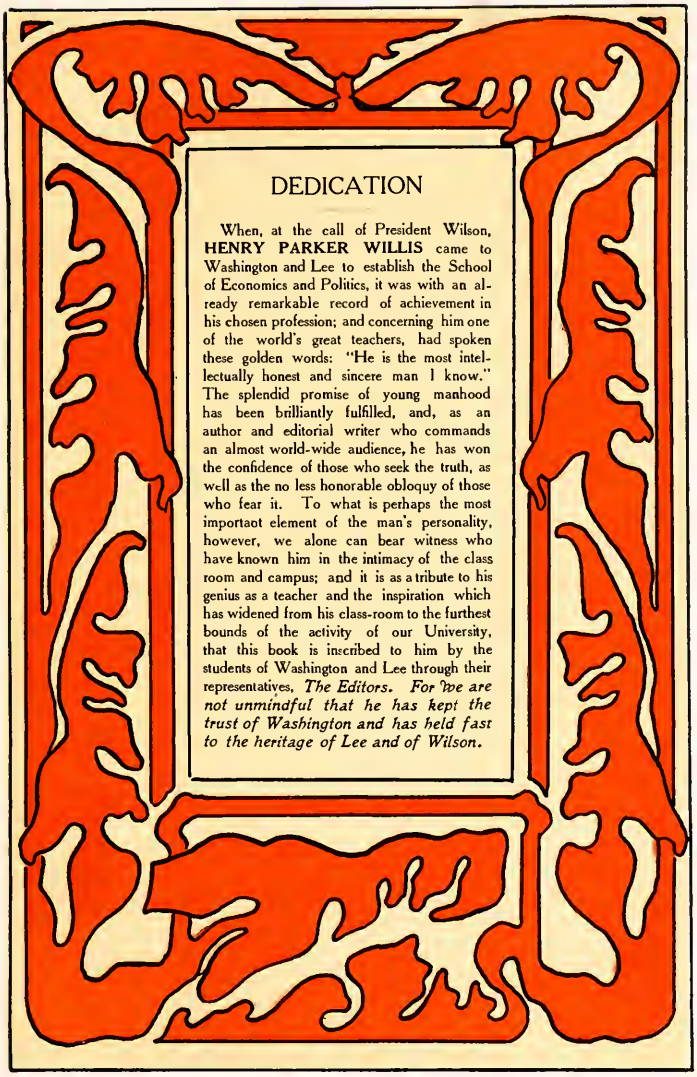


DEDICATION

When, at the call of President Wilson, **HENRY PARKER WILLIS** came to Washington and Lee to establish the School of Economics and Politics, it was with an already remarkable record of achievement in his chosen profession; and concerning him one of the world's great teachers, had spoken these golden words: "He is the most intellectually honest and sincere man I know." The splendid promise of young manhood has been brilliantly fulfilled, and, as an author and editorial writer who commands an almost world-wide audience, he has won the confidence of those who seek the truth, as well as the no less honorable obloquy of those who fear it. To what is perhaps the most importaot element of the man's personality, however, we alone can bear witness who have known him in the intimacy of the class room and campus; and it is as a tribute to his genius as a teacher and the inspiration which has widened from his class-room to the furthest bounds of the activity of our University, that this book is inscribed to him by the students of Washington and Lee through their representatives, *The Editors. For we are not unmindful that he has kept the trust of Washington and has held fast to the heritage of Lee and of Wilson.*

Henry Parker Willis

An Appreciation.

WHEN a man has passed along life's highway to the milestone which records the farthest point, it is difficult for those who come after him to look back over the road which he travelled and estimate the worth of his achievements, even if his journey has embraced the allotted maximum of three score and ten years and has been marked by ceaseless struggle and high endeavor. A man's life-work consists not only of those things which are visible to the eye, which can be handled by the hands, and which may even be approximately measured by the intellect. The results are both tangible and intangible.

In the case of our large industrial corporations it is their intangible possessions or assets which are the most remunerative and which yield the largest return. So it is with a man's life. The intangible features of his work, which are exceedingly hard to estimate, are probably the most profitable and the most valuable of his benefactions to the generations which follow him. If the demand were made for a critical estimate of General Robert E. Lee's work as President of Washington and Lee University, surely a conclusion would not be reached by ascertaining how the enrollment of students or the money endowment of the University increased during General Lee's administration or as a result of his efforts. Likewise, if a judgment was to be formed of President Wilson's administration, it would not be sufficient to inquire how many new buildings were erected, what additions were made to the equipment of the chemical and physical laboratories, and what were the accessories to the library during President Wilson's term of office. The truth-seeking investigator would not merely collaborate these tangible expressions of a man's life, and declare "Such was the man's work, such was the man, such was his value to the University." He would review these tangible evidences, but he would go further. He

would seek to ascertain the moral worth of the man, his educational and intellectual standards, and the stimulating and uplifting influence of his character upon his contemporaries and the subsequent University life. In the case of Presidents Lee and Wilson, he would find these intangible results or influences to be worth more to the University than its entire material endowment. From the standpoint of the real wealth of Washington and Lee, he could no more compare them to the concrete advance in the University's equipment made by these men than he could compare the value of Esau's birthright with the mess of pottage for which he sold it. The tangible results of Presidents Lee and Wilson's lives to Washington and Lee could be estimated fairly well. The intangible endowment which flowed from their association with it, would be found to be valuable beyond comparsion, but, at the same time, more or less indefinable and incalculable.

If such is the case in estimating the work of men who have passed out of sight, how much more difficult it is to appreciate the work of those who still go about among us? Even the tangible result of their labor may be incomplete, the intangible influence of their lives oftentimes disputed. The nearness of the individual may destroy the range of our vision and his work may be better than we estimate, or, on the other hand, personal feeling may so color our judgment as to lead to over-estimation and undeserved praise. Fortunately, however, the task is not so hard as regards the subject of this appreciation. Many of us have known Mr. Willis for a number of years and others have sat in his lecture room and have come under his personal influence. Under his direction, we have seen the Economic dept. gradually assume, form and grow to its present proportions. Moreover, we have known, or at least, have thought that we knew the forces which were constraining Mr. Willis and the ends toward which he was striving. A brief discussion of these aims and forces, together with a review of Mr. Willis' training and personality, will bring clearly to mind the significance of his work at Washington and Lee.

First, as to the training and personality of the man. Henry Parker Willis was born Aug. 14, 1874, at Weymouth, Massachusetts. After receiving his early education in the schools of Racine, Wisconsin, he entered Western Reserve University. From that institution he went to the University of Chicago where he received his under-graduate degree in 1894. He was immediately appointed a Fellow in the Department of Political Economy at Chicago and after two years spent in resident study, he received

a special appointment to the Armour-Crane travelling fellowship and continued his studies abroad, principally at Leipzig, Vienna and Paris. During the year 1897 he returned to this country and the University of Chicago conferred upon him the degree of Ph. D. In the following academic year 1897–1898, Mr. Willis was assistant to the Monetary Commission of the Indianapolis Convention and assisted Prof. Laughlin in preparing the Report of the Monetary Commission. Shortly afterwards he was selected by former President Wilson to found the new Department of Economics and Politics at Washington and Lee University. No better summary of Mr. Willis' character and previous training at the time he took up his work in Lexington can be found than in a letter of Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, Head of the Dept. of Political Economy, at the University of Chicago, to President Wilson, a portion of which is to be found in President Wilson's report to the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee for the year 1897–1898.

"I have known him (Mr. Willis)," wrote Prof. Laughlin, "for several years, quite intimately, finding in him one of the ablest young men in our subject of my acquaintance." * * * He uses German, French, and Italian readily; and was early trained thoroughly in the classics. But as an enthusiastic student and phenomenal worker I do not know his equal. He has obtained his doctorate *magna cum laude* after three years graduate study here and abroad, and has produced already more than most men at thirty. He is sensitive, high minded and conscientious to a fault. His tendency is to overwork; but he is certain to make a strong reputation for himself. He is the most intellectually honest and sincere man I know."

This letter is also interesting in that succeeding years have verified its predictions and for the additional reason that the personal qualities of Mr. Willis, which caught Prof. Laughlin's attention during his association with him, were those which have been most manifest in Mr. Willis' work here.

But, in addition, to the possession of this unusual personality and to the equipment of exceptional preliminary training, another factor must be taken into account before the full significance of Mr. Willis' work may be grasped. This factor, local in a sense, consisted of the personal influence of former President Wilson.

The views of President Wilson on educational problems are well known. His ideas relative to the functions of a University in a Democracy are treasured and constantly put forward by those public-minded citizens who

are endeavoring to work out the problems of the American Republic. President Wilson realized that this Republic of ours would only be permanent and safe when proper educational facilities had been thoroughly organized and utilized by its citizens. He knew that Democracy's battles were only half-fought out. His own experience in public life had taught him, that, if they were to be successfully won, the youth of the country, its future rulers, should be rightly trained in the principles of polities and political economy and in high ideals of public service. Consequently, he believed that the arena upon which Democracy's battles in the future should be waged, should be the lecture room of the University, and the battle cry should be, to use the words of the late President Harper," Come let us reason together." Impelled by the force of these ideas and especially by the peculiar needs of the South, Mr. Wilson retired from public life and accepted the Presidency of Washington and Lee. For the same reason he urged in his inaugural address the necessity of providing facilities for the study of political and economic questions at Washington and Lee, and bent all his energies in this direction until he had successfully established the present department.

"Only the thoughtless and ignorant," President Wilson declared, delude themselves with the idea that paper constitutions are the effectual safeguards of our liberties, and universal suffrage the capable administrator of the institutions through which we are to enjoy and possess them forever. Men who are familiar with the origin of our historic liberty, who know the rareness in all history of stable popular government, and who are sobered by the thickening difficulties that confront us, will agree with Sir Henry Maine, that democratic government will tax to the utmost the sagacity and statesmanship of the world to keep it from misfortune.

As population and wealth increase; as science and invention sweep onward; as civilization grows more complex; as new States join our Union and cities multiply, and a new creation of artificial personages is called into being, to carry on the great commercial and industrial enterprises for which natural persons, even in association, are unequal, problems of government, both of policy and administration, become more difficult, and statesmen, whether as law-makers or as administrators, must not only be learned in the science of government, enlightened by the lessons of human experience, but must be often dependent upon experts whose services they must be able to command and know how to use. * * * We fail in duty to our young men, to our section, to our whole country, if we do not provide that education in the

science of government which he rightly deemed, the most important knowledge in a republic. We must preserve and make more fruitful the old learning. We must broaden, as rapidly as possible, our facilities for scientific instruction and research, having in view not only general culture, but the bread-winning necessities of our people, and to all those we must add sound preparation for citizenship in a self-governing republic. * * * It is no longer enough to disseminate classical education, to explore the fields of physical science, to turn out clergymen, lawyers, physicians, intelligent farmers, successful business men, builders and managers of railroads, mining, electrical and civil engineers.

If the South is to produce for her own service, if she is to contribute, as in days past, to the whole country, statesmen, legislators and judges, able to maintain her influence and proper dignity as a great section of the American Union,her sons must continue to give,as Mr.Blaine says their fathers gave, "deed study to the science of government;" and if, amid the harder conditions that confront them, after leaving college, they are no longer able to give that study in the leisure and seclusion of their own libraries, the proper foundations for it must be laid in the schools of learning. * * * The supreme necessity for such studies, if we are to perpetuate government by the people and bear our freedom unscathed through all the perils that beset its progress, needs not to be dwelt upon."

Such were the ideals of President Wilson in founding the Department of Economics and Politics at Washington. Such was the training and character of Mr. Willis when he came to take charge of that Department. The work of Mr. Willis has been the resultant of these forces—the working out of Mr. Wilsons' ideals through the medium of Mr. Willis' efforts. Those who knew President Wilson, however casually, have "felt that there was something finer in the man, than anything which he said." Even the students of the University during his brief presidency have testified since his death that the impress of his character, received during their college days has been one of the strongest and most uplifting influences of their lives. As has been truly said, he was "a college president without double dealing or equivocation. * * * A single interview or transaction with him inspired an absolute confidence which required and could receive no increment, so perfect was its completeness. A week of his acquaintance carried with it an absolute approval of his ideals, aims, and methods. A year with him furnished an "*inspiration which would last as long as life itself.*"

To the mind of the writer this latter fact—the inspiration of a year's association with Pres. Wilson in founding the economic department—has been the most significant factor in Mr. Willis' work at Washington and Lee. Since the lamented death of President Wilson, the spirit which constrained him in establishing the work in economics and politics, has been the spirit which has animated Mr. Willis in carrying forward the work. In other words, one of the chief features of Mr. Willis' work has been preserving and putting into practice the ideals enunciated and cherished by President Wilson. The mantle of the patriotic beloved college president fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Willis, and he has shown himself to be a faithful follower and executor of his leader's wishes. Among the young men of the South and the country at large who have come under his influence, he has sought to "generate and develop the desire and power of independent, original research, to foster the habits and ability of independent judgment, to acquaint them with the origin and historic growth of our institutions, with the fundamental principles of government, and so to enrich them with the results of human experience *that they can decide on this or that policy as it may strengthen or weaken our freedom, upon this or that economic doctrine, as it may advance or impair the general welfare; above all, to make them intelligent and strong leaders, not servile and ill-informed followers of popular opinion or self beneficiaries of popular delusions.*"

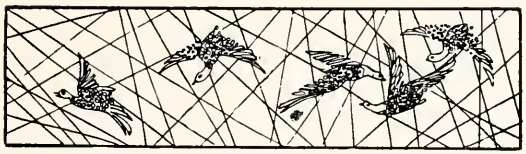
But, as has been said before, Mr. Willis' work has not consisted alone in being the conservator and executor of President Wilson's ideals. He has brought to this important task a distinct personality of his own which has formed a fitting supplement to the influence of President Wilson. His intellectual honesty, his high conceptions of civic duty, his unceasing energy, and, as it were, unlimited capacity for work, have been not only a stimulation, but an inspiration to his students. The men under his directions have felt the necessity of seeking after truth, and of acquiring right principles of thought and action. They have also felt a broader sympathy with men and affairs. The real teacher, like the poet, is born not made. His functions are not comprehended in the setting of tasks, the hearing of recitations, and in the delivery of brilliant and interesting lectures. On the contrary they consist in the impress of character, the implanting of high conceptions, and the stimulation to independent and correct habits of thought. Such a teacher will make a distinct impression upon his students during their college days, but it is in looking backward after leaving the

circumscribed college world for the wider activities of life, that the student will now fully appreciate his true worth and his lasting influence upon their lives. In this class of teachers, Mr. Willis belongs. When the student leaves the sheltering walls of Washington and Lee, and takes up the duties and burdens of life, his estimate of Mr. Willis' worth as a teacher and guide grows in retrospect as the college gate recedes farther and farther from view and the possible problems of livelihood and citizenship demand solution.

Mention might be made of Mr. Willis' work as a publicist and journalist, for the same aims and characteristics are apparent there as in his service as a teacher. But here we are concerned only with his work and influence for the students of Washington and Lee and for the broader interests of the South. Thus far his efforts have been all that could be desired. They will have a lasting value. With the further facilities made possible by the Wilson Memorial Fund, and the proposed plans for extending the work and for providing a permanent home for the department of economics and politics, we may expect to see under the direction of Mr. Willis the scope of its influence expanded, the ideals of its founder given wider circulation, and an ever increasing number of young men given a sound preparation for citizenship in a self-governing republic.

W. Jett Lauck.

Washington and Lee University.



The School of Economics and Politics

[NOTE:—In reply to our request for a brief description of the Department of Economics and Politics, and of the plans for its future, we have received the following letter from Dr. Willis.—Eds.]

To The Editors of the Calyx:

ACCEPT my appreciative thanks for your action in dedicating to me your annual volume—the permanent record of student life and thought at Washington and Lee University. This recognition of the work which has fallen to my hand and of its significance for the future pleases me as evidence that a true conception of the need of economic teaching has become diffused among your undergraduate body.

It is now nearly eight years since I first joined the faculty of Washington and Lee University, entrusted with the duty of organizing as a separate department the instruction in economics which, from a true appreciation of its importance, had already been instituted by Dr. James A. Quarles. There are none of you, I believe, who will recall the early work of the Department. Three main difficulties were presented—that of enlisting student interest in a subject for the first time separately organized at Washington and Lee, that of adjusting the new courses of instruction to the needs of the students, and that of securing the material resources which would ensure the maintenance of an independent department. The first two of these obstacles have been gradually overcome. That they have been surmounted at all was very largely the result of the unselfish interest and personal sacrifices of President William L. Wilson. His permanent and never-failing desire to impress upon those with whom he came in contact the real need for economic knowledge gave vitality to the department, directed attention to its courses and furnished the inspiration and support needed in perfecting

its methods of instruction. That the work planned by President Wilson has produced fruit is, I think, attested by the growth of the department, by the quality of its graduates, and by the recognition accorded to them in other institutions.

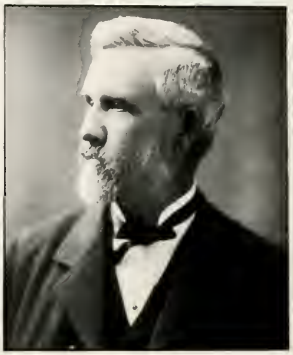
The acquirement of the necessary material foundation for the department has also been the ultimate product of President Wilson's personal interest and sacrifice. In subscribing a fund of $100,000 for the support and furtherance of its activities, his friends and admirers have paid the highest tribute to his ideals by affording the means through whose use they may be realized. The department of economics with its endowment is both a memorial and a trust—a memorial to the life of its founder—a trust for the larger development and practical application of his teachings.

The needs of the University and of its students indicate a demand for wider instruction in practical economic problems and for better library opportunities for broad reading and study. When new quarters shall have been provided, through the erection of a building in which the department and its books may be housed, and which shall furnish a place of public meeting and debate, this broader instruction will exert its full influence in assisting the growth of a body of sound economic thought.

To the students and their successors we must look for the earnest and appreciative work that will make future progress possible.

H. Parker Willis.

GEORGE HUTCHESON DENNY, Ph., D., LL. D, *President.*



ALEXANDER LOCKHART NELSON, M.A., *Professor of Mathematics and Dean of the Academic College.*

DAVID CARLISLE HUMPHREYS, C. E. *Professor of Civil Engineering and Dean of the School of Engineering.*

MARTIN PARKS BURKS, LL. D., *Professor of Law and Dean of the School of Law.*

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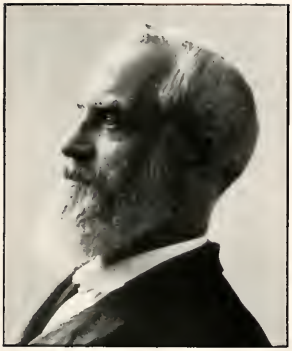


James Addison Quarles, D. D., L. L. D., *Professor of Philosophy.*

Henry Donald Campbell, M. A., Ph. D. *Professor of Geology and Biology.*

Addison Hogue, *Professor of Greek.*

James Lewis Howe, Ph. D., M.D., *Professor of Chemistry.*

William Spenser Currell, M. A., Ph. D., *Professor of English.*

Walter Le Conte Stevens, Ph. D., *Professor of Physics.*

Joseph Ragland Long, B. A., B. S., LL. B. *Professor of Law.*

John Holladay Latané, Ph. D., *Professor of History.*

James William Kern, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Latin.

Abram Penn Staples, LL.B.,
Professor of Law.

William Jett Lauck, A. B.,
Adjunct Professor of Economics and Politics.

WASHINGTON
AND LEE '06

The Dearer Laurel

CARE not if the earth when I am gone
Shall hold no echo of me: for I know
That thro' all yearless worlds whereto we go
Thou wilt remember always. Like a dawn
Thou camest, with such soul that everything
Grew lovelier, and my soul at thy dear word
Leaped toward thy fairer level, as a bird
Lifts toward a perfect morning in the spring.
Yea, ever thou dost lead me on, above
My loftiest summit beckoning, ever I
Yearn upward from mine earthly self whereof
Thou art the tender moon and starry sky.
I care not for loud Fame's sure-withering bays,
Crowned with the dearer laurel of thy praise.

W. H. F.

The Alumni, Great and Otherwise

by

WALTER EDWARD HARRIS, 03,

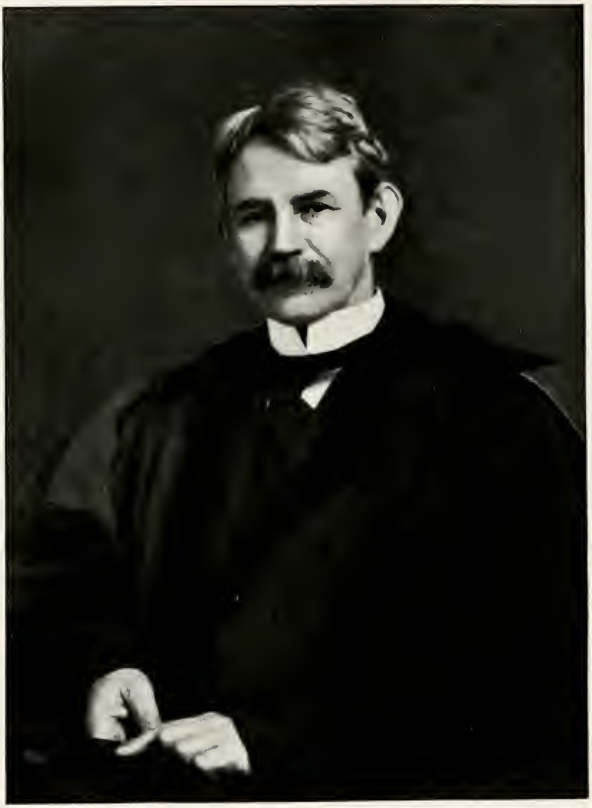
Washington Correspondent of The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

THE father of history got him a nice, smooth, and reasonably soft potsherd, and with the point of his knife or spear set to work to perpetuate his prejudices. And every one of his imitators in the centuries since, has followed his example, whether using quill or pencil or typewriter. Old Plutarch may have been moved by some slight desire to assure himself that his prejudices would be handed down to posterity, but I incline to the belief that the delightful old gossip simply could not resist the temptation to prattle of the big guns of antiquity.

I wish I might be the Plutarch of the Washington and Lee alumni. I could not write my prejudices. I haven't any. I would gossip indefinitely. Possibly Plutarch, as he wrote so familiarly of the men who made Greece and Rome great, hoped that by such intimate description of the big guns of the ancients certain rays of glory from their name might be shed upon his. His wish was granted. I rarely think of Alexander or Theseus, or Coriolanus, or Pericles, or Numa Pompilius, that I do not think also of the old Boeotian scribbler, who has left us the most reliable information we have concerning those great men.

It is my regret that I have not lived in such close communication with Alma Mater as to be able to present in this article a complete list of the alumni who have risen to high station in the public life of this country. So I must assume that the average member of the alumni body and all the undergraduate body, are familiar with the long list.

One hears much now-a-days of our great railroad "Captains" and "Magnates," whose greatest activity appears to be in Wall Street manipulation and legislative lobbying. Out in the great world of practical railroading, among "the men that do the work," you will hear that one of the greatest Railroad Captains in the world is *Julius Kruttschnitt*, General Manager of the Harriman System—"the Napoleon of railroad construction," as a recent writer has termed him. Mr. Kruttschnitt took his C. E. with the Class of '73 and never loses an opportunity to prove his loyalty to the Alma Mater.



The name of Tucker is inseparably connected with Washington and Lee University as it is with the most glorious traditions of the American bar. *Harry St. George Tucker*, M. A., B. L., '70, naturally succeeded his illustrious father in the Congressional halls and later in the Chair of Law at Washington and Lee. In 1902 he went to Washington to found the School of Law and Diplomacy of the new George Washington University, and latterly has been much in the public eye as President of the great Jamestown Exposition. The present portrait shows Mr. Tucker in his robes as President of the American Bar Association.

In ruminating among the pages of the last alumni catalogue, I discovered recently that fourteen of the alumni of Washington and Lee had been Senators of the United States. And the States which sent Washington and Lee men to sit in "the greatest deliberative body in the world," were not those "sage brush" members of the Union that lie west of the Mississippi, where election to the Senate generally means the triumph of one man's or one interest's millions in a battle with the millions of another man or another interest, but they all come up from the old Commonwealths of the east, from Southern States, where even yet it is scarcely possible to buy a seat in the Senate.

And hearken, O ye men of Washington and Lee, it was only a short time ago that I learned that John J. Crittenden, '06 of Kentucky, one of the greatest men who ever sat in the United States Senate, was a graduate of Washington College. A year ago I asked an old official who has held a place in the government right here at Washington for nearly fifty years and has been thrown into intimate contact with every great public man who has been on the stage in that time, whom he regarded as the ablest of them all. He hesitated.

"Jefferson Davis," he remarked, "was a man of wonderful intellect. Charles Sumner could make some other great men I have known look like pygmies. William H. Seward was a remarkably versatile man, and able in many directions."

"But I believe," and the old fellow spoke with great deliberation, "I believe John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, was, taken all in all, the greatest man I have ever known."

Henry S. Foote '20, of Mississippi, "the Stormy Petrel" of American politics, Governor, Senator, member of both Federal and Confederate Congresses, is another of the list of Washington and Lee Senators. Brilliant, if somewhat erratic, true to his convictions and his people, it will be long ere the name of Foote, though a Virginian, ceases to be cherished by the people of Mississippi.

Mississippi has sent three Washington and Lee men to the Senate; so has Kentucky; Louisiana and Virginia, two each and Alabama, Florida and the Carolinas one each.

Thirty nine members of the House of Representatives, if no more, have graduated at Washington and Lee. Hay '77 and Flood '83 of Virginia, and Slayden, '72, of Texas are members of the present house. Representatives have come to Congress from twelve states of the Union. John Goode '51, of Virginia, is one of the seven men living who were members of the Confederate Congress. He has also served in the federal house of Representatives and was president of the Virginia constitutional convention of 1901–2.

Mr. Goode scarcely has his superior as an orator, and is hardly equalled as an extempore speaker. I heard him, some years ago, make a speech before a committee of Congress, that was concluded with such a flight of eloquence, that the committee, on motion of Sherman of New York, in whose eyes the tears were standing, unanimously extended the old Roman a vote of thanks for his address. And he was seeking an appropriation!

Twenty seven Washington and Lee alumni have represented Virginia in the house of representatives. Nine States have chosen Washington and Lee men as Governors. I believe it is admitted that James McDowell, '16, and John Letcher, '33, are among the very ablest of the long list of men who have filled the office of Governor of Virginia, though Mr. Jefferson himself be in the list.

Two Kentuckians who graduated at Washington and Lee afterwards became associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, a rather striking fact. I find among the names of graduates nineteen who have been elevated either to the supreme bench of their respective States or have become associate justices of "the highest tribunal in the world." One of the ablest members of the present supreme court of appeals of Virginia is Stafford G. Whittle, '69.

Chief Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court of Georgia is a typical representative of that brilliant group of men who have gone forth from the Washington and Lee Law School to adorn the highest seats on the American bench,—a group which includes Tyson of Alabama, Shepard of the District of Columbia, Hobson of Kentucky, Foster of Louisiana, Mestrezat of Pennsylvania, Neil of Tennessee, Garrett of Texas, and Whittle of Virginia. Judge Lamar graduated with the class of '78.

Wade Hampton Ellis, Attorney General of Ohio, is a very young man, having graduated in the Law Class of '90. But this is a day of strong young men, and in the Ohio, the state of political giants, young Ellis has already made himself a force to be recognized. Indeed, it is whispered that here is the strong hand which may be expected to bring order out of the political chaos which just now holds sway in the Land of the Buck-eye, and those of us who came into contact with Mr. Ellis' forceful personality during his recent visit to Lexington would have no hesitation in endorsing the recommendation.

Ninety-four graduates were killed in battle on the Confederate side, or died of wounds, or of disease contracted in the service. This number, added to the much larger number of former students who did not graduate, many of them leaving the Lecture-room to don the gray of the Confederacy, and to achieve soldiers' graves on southern battlefields, makes a splendid roll of honor to be cherished with sacred care by all Washington and Lee alumni. Nor should we neglect to honor those who fought four years for the cause of southern independence, and came home after Appomattox, and with a courage unequalled in all history, set to work to restore the waste places of war, an end achieved in splendid fashion. I look forward to the time when the university will publish a history of The Liberty Hall Volunteers, the company made up of Washington College students, which contributed such a liberal share of the glory that surrounds the history of the Stonewall Brigade.

Washington and Lee has been well represented in the diplomatic and consular service of the country; though, as her graduates are mainly from southern States, her alumni have not appeared frequently in these or any other branches of the civil service of the general government since the close of the war between the States.

The list of distinguished educators who have gone forth from Washington and Lee; the remarkably large number of divines, many of them of great distinction; the lawyers of note, who ornament the bars of many States of the Union; authors like Thomas Nelson Page; journalists; doctors, men distinguished in various walks of life—a bare mention of a small number of those entitled to a place in the roll of honor would consume far more space than The Calyx can afford to spare, even for so laudable a purpose. It is a noble list, and all who compose it, those at the head as well as those of us who are "pulling bull" may rejoice to be in such goodly company.

A tree is known by its fruits. A man is judged by his works. The standard of an institution of learning, so far as the outside world is concerned, is set by the men who leave its halls, and enter the contest for exist-

ence, for preferment, for honors. Scholarship is one of the greatest things in the world. No greater misfortune can befall the student than to become convinced that it is the greatest. The temptation comes sometimes. The immature man, terribly in earnest in his pursuit of the hallmark of learning, occasionally makes this mistake, and life is never long enough for the time of regretting to cease.

All Washington and Lee men have not become great. Few, indeed, are they who have disgraced the name of the mother that fostered them.

Looking back over the years that have gone since my college days, I realize how differently I saw things then. I see so much now to which I was blind then, though it was before my eyes. It is a great thing to be enrolled as a student in an institution that bears the name of the greatest man the English-speaking race has produced, linked with that of the greatest soldier of Anglo-Saxon blood that the world has known. The history of Washington after he had saved his country, and of Lee, after he had seen his people conquered and humiliated, are indissolubly bound up with the history of Washington and Lee, names that thrill the heart of the American boy, and beget lofty ideals in the young man's bosom. I know now that something of this I saw then, but not all.

The honor system at Washington and Lee, so seldom abused in the history of the institution, gives to a man a moral stamina and a sense of moral responsibility, with an appreciation of all the term involves, that lasts through life. It is hard to conceive a system better suited to the utter destruction of a young fellow's sense of honor, than the method of espionage practiced in the examination rooms of some of the great universities I have visited. I speak as a man who knows men, and not as a theorist, nor yet as a teacher. A thief never reformed while under surveillance.

The splendid democracy of letters at Washington and Lee, may be, after all, the strongest formative force the university brings to bear on the young man. In my day, at least, the sole aristocracy was the aristocracy of learning. Fast spenders soon ran their course. Elegance of dress never

William Reynolds Vance, Ph. D., '96, Dean of the School of Law of the George Washington University, and authority on the Law of Insurance. Mr. Vance was Editor-in-Chief of the first "Calyx" and by his subsequent career established the precedent that those Editors who are most outspoken in vituperation of the Faculty are doomed to themselves sit in the Council of Newcomb—whence the studied moderation of the present volume. In justice, however, it should be said that "The Squire" later escaped to Washington and now occupies toward the University the more respectable relation of loyal alumnus.

This is a day of investigations;—everything is investigated from the Insurance Companies and the U. S. Senate to—"Pat" Krebs. But of them all, there is none perhaps of more importance or more far-reaching consequences than that called forth by the so-called "Tillman-Gillespie Resolutions," and it is gratifying that the President should have entrusted this great public enterprise to one of the—comparatively speaking—younger graduates of Washington and Lee. The choice, however, was a logical one, for William A. Glasgow is already ranked among corporation lawyers with Root and Knox, and from current newspaper accounts it would seem that Mr. Roosevelt was more than justified in his choice of a St. George to grapple with the Railroad Octopus.

seemed of importance after the first two or three months of the freshman year. The popular men, the leading men of the student body, were invariably those who were the leading men in their classes. Did I say democracy of letters? To the idler, the shirk, the *roue* it was an aristocracy, haughty, and scornful, and he might not enter until he had reformed his ways.

I have often stopped to think concerning the very small amount of direct moral teaching there was at the university. And yet, it is a safe wager that nine out of ten Washington and Lee alumni would say that not even the boyhood years at home were fraught with such impressive lessons in morality. The air at Washington and Lee always seemed to me to be one part hydrogen, two of oxygen, and three parts ethics.

Having started out to write of the great men among the alumni and having reached the conclusion that we are all great, I am moved to think I should lay down my pen. I had a hard headed old grandfather who used to say that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. And my task was so well worth the doing. I have omitted so much. So many good men are never seen as they move to and fro in the shadow of the great men in the centre of the stage.

Great men. How the conceptions of a man change with his years. I recall my college days, when I used to love to linger over the alumni catalogue, and read the naked record of the achievements of the sons of the institution who had reached high and honorable station. Ah! They were great, I thought. And I was eager to get into the world, and become great, too. It seemed easy then, and greatness was possible to whomsoever desired.

But that was thirteen years ago. Long years, years of hard labor, of the midnight oil, of the tired limbs and aching brain, of longings and hopes, and ambitions, the most of them unsatisfied. And greatness is not the same thing to me now that it was then. I have viewed the majority of the so-called great men of America at pretty close range, Presidents, soldiers,

sailors, senators, congressmen, governors, supreme court justices, authors' teachers, theologians. They are only men, many of them accidents, creatures of opportunity, more often of political exigency, oftenest of "pull," that most powerful of all means of elevation to place. Clean hearts and clean lives, simple living and high thinking, are too seldom found among the so-called great of this country.

And these are not the words of a cynic, but of one who believes this a pretty good old world, one which gives what we put into it, generally returns to us the measure "shaken down and pressed together." But they are appropriate words to be set down in this place, as excuse for that list of great men which every true son of Washington and Lee has in mind, if not at his finger's ends.

We who play the minor roles cannot expect mention with the stars of the cast. The private is fortunate, indeed, who has his name gazetted for gallantry along with the generals. Enough for him to know he has done and will continue to do his duty.

So here's to the Washington and Lee man wherever he may be, whether he be great or only good. Greatness is sometimes goodness and goodness is always greatness. May they all live long and prosper, and when the last of us old "has beens" crawls under the daisies to rest and sleep and "perchance to dream," may the old Alma Mater be still standing in her purity, her beauty and her glory as typical of the glory and beauty and purity and power of that knowledge, the coming of which bringeth wisdom.

Washington, D. C.

To have been elected Governor of Oregon as a Democrat is a unique distinction. To have been re-elected in the face of the Roosevelt Tidal Wave is nothing short of phenomenal. Out on the Western slope of the Rockies an inquiry into this remarkable state of affairs will be met by the simple answer, "Because he is George Chamberlain;" and, indeed, there is no discoverable cause other than the sheer forcefulness of the man's personality. It seems to be a law that the enthusiasm and loyalty or our Alumni shall increase proportionally with the fulness of their honors, and so in the course of Nature we find Gov. Chamberlain writing." Nothing touches my interest so much as anything that pertains to dear old Washington and Lee.

J. H. Gorrell, M. A. '90, Professor of modern languages in Wake Forest College. Prof. Gorrell is one of the devoted band who have gone forth from Lexington to take part in the great work of upbuilding the educational system of the Southland; and well may Washington and Lee be proud of the share of her sons in this, one of the great revolutions of the century, even tho' many who once came to Her from afar now sit at home and are fed. It is said that none ever left the old campus with a more brilliant record of scholarship than J. H. Gorrell, and it is small wonder that since then his reputation as a scholar has spread far and wide over the land.

Mount Vernon

by

MARION FORSTER GILMORE

(Written on Boat Between Mount Vernon and Washington.)

HOME of the Dead! One glance of lingering love
We cast behind us, where our vessel's wake
Winds, foaming, backward to Virginia's hills.
Home of the Dead! Retreating from thy shores
We breathe a final sigh, a last farewell.
The pillared mansion gleams amid the green;
The sombre tomb, deserted, stands alone,
While over all a thousand beacons burn;
The West displays a canopy of sky,
Woven by angels, flung across the hills
Where sleeps the silent dust of Washington.

Bleak is the wind that leaps like blade unsheathed
From out the silver scabbard of the East!
At hide and seek amid the ruffled waves,
The eerie shadows play in elfish glee.
A thief, Night, steals the golden glories of
The Day. But still a flush of silken rose
Colors the West, stains the broad river's breast
And casts a garland 'cross the Eastern sky.

Behold! On either shore reflected green,
Dim in the dying lustre of the Sun,
While tips of rose like diadems adorn
And wreathe the gracious brows of drowsy hills.
Behold and marvel! See and comprehend!
Amid this glory lies the earthly dust
Of one who was a hero and a man.
Beyond this glory God long since received
His spirit, past the veil which hangs between.

H! ye who tread these classic halls,
Baptized once more in patriot blood,
Think what exalted memories flood
These doubly consecrated walls!
The hoary lore of Oxford's towers,
Made sacred by her Alfred's name,
Can never boast a prouder fame
Than shrines these simple aisles of ours!

Ye will not walk ignoble ways;
Ye dare not seek unworthy aims;
Ye cannot do a deed that shames
These heroes of our holiest days!
Your oath a Roman oath must be,
Sworn with a faith that will not yield—
Sworn on the doubly sacred shield
Of Washington and Lee!

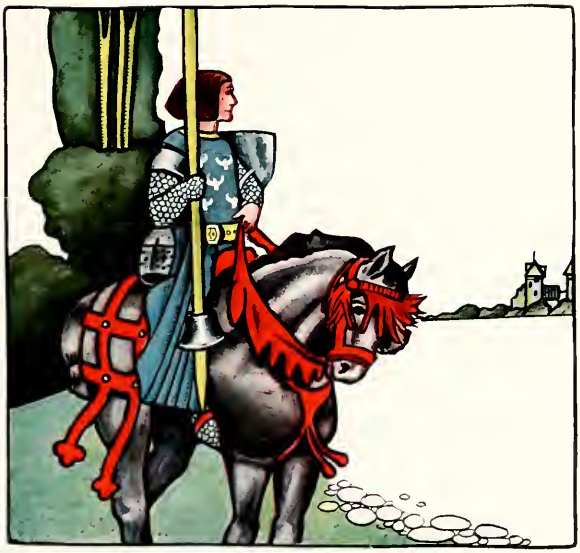
MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OMNIA PRO
AUTEM BATE
WASHINGTON AND LEE

The Legend of the Castle Les Deux Heros and the Sacred Spear.

NOW the youth, which had journeyed from the far-away land where lyeth the little Valley of Home-and-Motherlove, came by fortune to the Castle that is called Les Deux Heros, or by some, The Castle of The Sacred Spear; and herein he was minded to serve his period of four years which must be endured by each before he shall be accounted worthy to be numbered among the knighthood. For of all the Castles throughout the land the Castle Les Deux Heros is held in greatest repute for the training of courtly and valiant knights, since herein is the custody of the Sacred Spear whereon the young men of the Castle swear the oath of knighthood. And unto the worthy, when they take the oath, there is given the strength of the Sacred Spear, which is the Spirit of the Two Supreme Heros, for these had been the mightiest gentlemen in all the world and the knightliest and courtliest and most perilous in battle which ever yet buckled on armor or held in rest a spear.

And when the youth had come within the walls of the Castle he right soon took heed that or ever he come into knighthood he must perforce endure many things of other ilk than merry fasting and brave jousting and the troubadouring of Fair Ladyes. For the lessons of Labour and of Service are first and greatest in the learning of knightliness. So ever he spends his days in cleansing the arms

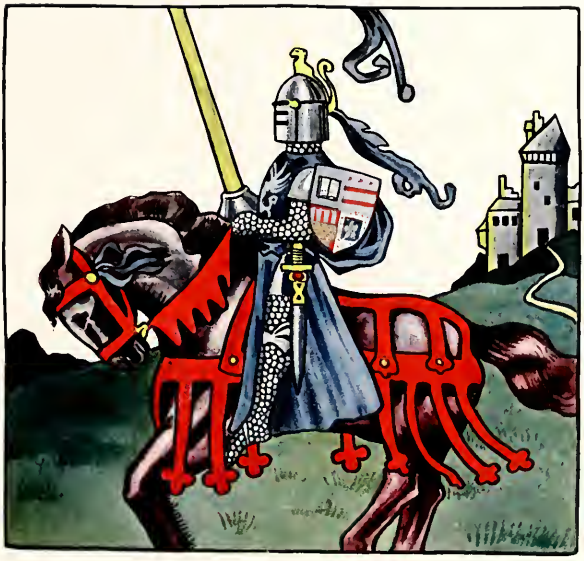


He approacheth the Castle.

of the good Knights in the Court yard and in laboring with the scullion boys in the kitchen as did Sir Gareth, the brother of Gawaine, whose trials and adventures are writ in the book of Sir Thomas Malory.

And of such as were set over him with authority there were those which were of no other avail than to see to it that he shirked nothing of the daily tasks allotted him. These were of the laity rather than of the Brotherhood of the Sacred Spear, for never they had ventured to leave the Castle and its fair domain and to ride forth in quest of hardship and adventure. So were they held in small esteem by the young men of the Castle. But others there were, noble Knights of valour well approved, the which instructed him in all the arts of war and in the knightly usage of arms. Toward these did the heart of the youth yearn, and from taking heed of their grave discourse and their goodly bearing in matters grave and light he did take unto himself more of advantage than from all his daily exercise.

And anon, it came to pass, that of an evening he jousted right bravely with his fellows in the Castle courtyard. Here was many a right hearty blow both given and taken with right good will and the youth began to glory in his strength and skill and to long for the accepted day when he might ride forth to do battle for God and the Ladyes; and anon the day cometh in very truth when he hath kept the Vigil-at-Arms and hath sworn by the Sacred Spear, to strike for the right and succor the helpless and be faithful unto the Ladye whose love he beareth, even unto death. Now when he swore it was permitted him to read the inscription which is written upon the Sacred Spear in jewels and gold like unto letters of flame: "Whoso keepeth the trust of the Castle shall wield me lightly and none shall stand before him." Then essayed he to lift the Spear and could not, and he was sorely discomforted for he wist that by his unworthiness he was hindered.



How he set forth to do Combat.

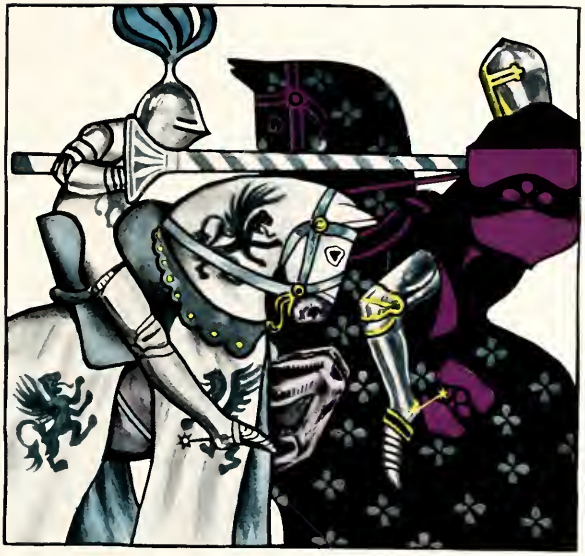
Yet the good Knights bade him take cheer, seeing that it might not be given unto the untried to wield the Spear. But let him only keep the trust of the Castle, they said, and in his hour of need it should be given into his hands.

So was he made Knight, and he armed him and gat him to horse and rode forth from the Castle Les Deux Heros.

Now there befell the young Knight many adventures and he bore himself right gallantly and accomplished many mighty deeds of arms. Yet anon he cometh to a doleful place set between hills which is called the Vale of Disillusion, and herein he wandered many days, for there is no path, and what with pit-falls and robbers and wild beasts he fared him so grievously that it seemed as though his last hour had come. Yet when he had won safely through to the further side, even here did he encounter the perilousest adventure in all his life. For one there was who kept the pass, by name Sir Souiller, who was in all the world the knight of most might, tho some say that never yet had he tilted save with one weary unto Death. For all such as of their hardihood came safely through the Vale of Disillusion he fought with and overcame. So that the most of all the knights in the world owed him fealty and did his bidding.

Now when Sir Souiller saw the young Knight approaching he rode him forward to meet him, and his armor was of the blackness of night and on his shield was written: *"Visus Ad Humum."*

And he addressed him right courteously to the youth saying "Sir, you are young and I would not fight with you. Only yield you and swear me fealty and I will give you land and riches. Nay verily if you serve me you shall have brave adventure in plenty and honor and glory." Then answered the youth, "By my vow I serve all men but to you or none other will I yield me.



The Battle with the Sable Knight.

Then Sir Souiller and the youth ran together mightily and the spear of the youth brake in his hand, so that he cried aloud in agony for want of a weapon. Therefore there came unto his ears a voice saying, "Thou hast kept the trust" and over his shoulder an unseen hand stretched forth a great spear. And the heart of the youth was glad for the spear was the Sacred Spear of the Castle and the strength thereof was the strength of all the Heros of the Castle, and he took it and smote Sir Souiller to the ground.

Now it came to pass that thereafter our Knight did many valorous deeds for it was not appointed that he should have any rest from his labors, and his fame went abroad and he was full of honors. But of all his honors this he held to be greatest: that he should be numbered among the Knights of the Sacred Spear and that the strength of his heart should be added unto the Virtue thereof for the overthrowing of evil forever more, so long as there might be found any to wield it. Now God grant that such a one shall never fail. So endeth this tale of the young Knight, how he held to the trust of the Sacred Spear which is the Spirit of Washington and Lee.

He achieveth Victory and Honor.

AMERICUS FREDERICK WHITE.

M. A., B. S., B. A., $K\Sigma$.

Science divides the history of the world into periods and epochs, but is unable to affirm anything definite as to the length of such temporary divisions. Hence the conscientious historian must confine himself to the statement that "A. F." first became connected with this school at some pre-historic date, probably during the Palaeolithic period. It is impossible for the human mind, dependent upon experience, to conceive of the one without the other, and it seems most probable that things will cave in when he is finally withdrawn in June.

It is rumored that there is a movement on foot to endow "A. F." and keep him as a permanent part of the institution, this being in line with his frequently expressed aspiration for that supreme college honor, the Chief Janitorship. However this may be, it is certainly true that there is nothing too good for him, who has with so much dignity and discretion presided over the most important organization in college, the Student Body. To attempt to enumerate the various scholarships, offices, and athletic honors which have been bestowed on him by a devoted student body, would tire a census statistician. He will have the final honor of Ph. D. conferred upon him in June, thereby exhausting the alphabet, and it is said (please keep this quiet), also a D. D. because of his work at the Nashville Convention of Student Volunteers. The love and best wishes of every man in Washington and Lee will go with him when he departs from our midst.

ACADEMIC SENIOR 1906

DAVID WASHINGTON PIPES, JR.

K.A

A genius at condensation might possibly be able to write up the average member of the class of 1906 in the space of 150 words; but Bacon himself could not be expected to properly appreciate in less than a volume the virtues which this young man, twice the beloved president of his class, has exhibited while at W. & L. He has taken an active and enthusiastic leadership in all college affairs,—athletics, society, and college administration,—in short, everything that tends to advance the interests of the Alma Mater. As he takes his place at the bat in the Game of Life, the grandstand is applauding, the bleachers are calling for a home-run;—and when the ball comes over the plate we know that "Happy" will make good.

JOHN WEST ADDISON. *ΦΚΨ*

ACCOMAC, VA.

Beauty is no index to brains. Addison is the scholarship star of the University. His mouth makes very little fuss, and all that is known of his early life, is, that he was born some time in the autumn of '81 and later attended Fishburne Military School. He entered W. &. L. in 1901, and proceeded to haul in everything that looked like a scholarship. White, Bradford, Mapleson is his record for the last three years. A. B. with him is a matter of history ('05); A. M. a moral certainty ('06). Whether as Associate Editor of the *Collegian*, President of the Graham-Lee; Secretary of the Student Body; member of the Y. M. C. A., or at banquets where colored drinks are served, he has always acquitted himself with credit.

ROBERT WALLER BLAIN.

This luminary has appeared on the academic horizon periodically for the last ten years. At first it was possible to compute the times of his appearance with some degree of accuracy, but later he became so erratic that the problem was dropped. Having left his native place, Christiansburg, Va., he attended Cave Academy. In 1896 he entered W. &. L. and during one of his periodic stays, he got an A. B. sheepskin — while no one was looking. He is now searching diligently for an M. A. "Dip." If he can find one, he intends to go out into the wide world and teach a few young ideas the correct method of shooting.

JAMES RANDOLPH CASKIE. ΔΤΔ

"Jimmie" first smiled for the ladies twenty one years ago in the smiling month of April. They named the place Lovingston. At that time everyone said he was a "nice little boy," and he has never outgrown the appellation. Jimmie has had no trouble in assimilating the academic curriculum in three years. He expects to live and love and finally practice law particularly Domestic Relations, in Lynchburg.

From later advices we are under the painful necessity of revising the last statement. Jimmie, having failed to qualify before the Supreme Court in Domestic Relations, will confine himself to other branches of the law.

WALLER RAYMOND COOPER.

Cooper used to have a senior brother at W. &. L., and being persuaded that Lexington is the only place where wisdom is dispensed, he gathered himself hither and in due course of time became an alumnus of the Lexington High School. Then in 1902 he stepped across the road into the W. &. L. campus, where there was more room to spread himself. He is a young man of exemplary conduct, always at breakfast in time to hear the blessing, reads three chapters of the Scriptures *per diem*, and never walks the campus after 8 P. M. A. B. will be stamped on his epidermis this year. Next year he will enter Harvard and learn to read Shakespeare in the Yankee dialect.

FRANCIS RANDOLPH CRAWFORD

ΦΚΨ

One hot night in August, 1884, the benevolent stork dropped a small package in Kernstown, Va. (which can be found on the map by the use of a microscope.) Having taken a running start at Shenandoah Valley Academy, he managed to enter W. &. L. and join the ranks of '06. He early became interested in an endeavor to christianize W. &. L. through the medium of the Y. M. C. A. Every one expects him to be a missionary to the heathen Chinee, but he is in reality going to be an M. D. after he gets the privilege of writing A. B. along with his other initials.

LUCIUS JUNIUS DESHA. *ΦΚΣ*

CYNTHIANA, KY.

Statistics indicate that Desha was born in '83, but fail to reveal whether he ever attended school or not. His record since entering W. & L. in '03 has been as follows: Chemistry scholarship, '04; Economics ditto, '05; a case of small pox and two weeks in a tent on athletic field, '05; an active member of the Harry Lee Boat Club for three years; a communicant of the Graham-Lee Society and of the Y. M. K. A. for the past year; business manager of the Ring Tum Phi for two years. As yet he shows no effects from it, but it is feared that his constitution will eventually succumb. His degree will be A. B. and next year he will be back to do some more stunts for Dr. Howe.

JOHN WILLIAM EGGLESTON. *KΣ*

He is a graceful young man built pretty much like a fence-rail; hails from Charlotte Court House, Va., and claims to have first heard the squawk of daylight on June 18, 1886. He prepared himself for W. & L. at Hampden-Sidney College and made his appearance in Lexington in the fall of 1904. Somehow or other he has conceived the idea that he is a tennis shark, and his name appears on the club's book for '05–'06. His early training was fairly good; his brain is clear, and he makes his A. B. in the space of two years, with the expectation of shining as a legal light sometime in the hereafter.

MOSES MILTON HERMAN.

DANVILLE, VA.

Came to us in '03 as a graduate of Danville Military Institute, having been a denizen of his native town since '87. Happily he seemed to have forgotten all his warlike instructions, and has shown no inclination to inflict injury on his fellow-men since his stay in Lexington. Sometimes, it is true, he does write verses, but this is probably due to the influence of his name, and not to free-will malice. His class standing is good and in June he will lay aside the weeds of labor, wrap himself in an A. B. diploma, and lie down in peace in the shade of his father's fence. His work in Modern Languages and desire to argue on Palaeography deserve special notice.

CHARLES NOURSE HOBSON.

The destined birth-place of Charles Nourse Hobson is meat for speculation. The cautious Historian can only relate that he was dropped at Frankfort, Ky., by the indignant stork to whom he had confided that he would have preferred riding a pony. "C. N." has been vice-president of the A. S. B. C., and president of the Graham-Lee Literary Society, but his proudest distinction is that he presides over the bi-weekly conclaves of the Kentucky "Colonels," for thereby all the world knows that he has a good head, and only his Profs. and classmates had guessed it before. He goes forth to become a public-spirited citizen as he has ever been in the college world.

LEE PRETLOW HOLLAND. ΔΤΔ

Without reference to the Family Chronological Table, one would be of the opinion that Pret. is just about to be a full-blown man; albeit, we won't vouch for that. He entered college in 1903 with bashfulness and timidity written all over him. "The things of a child," however, he has gradually laid aside, and now his tongue handles with perfect grace and facility any of the names that are a "household worrud to all Americans." He is one of the Calyx staff this year, and his ready command of new and emphatic words stood him in good stead when, at the Senior Banquet, in a post prandial speech that was not on the program, he affirmed his readiness to give his life in the interest of that publication. He will take an A. B. this year and Law and other things later on.

THOMAS BRANNON HUBBARD.

ΦΔΣ

In Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 9, 1887, this able and amiable young man first entered into competition for the lightweight bawling championship of the world. Since then he has grown greatly in stature and in favor with all men. Since coming to W. & L. in 1903, from Starke's University School, he has shown the remarkable qualities of an able student, a healthy athlete, and a genuine good fellow. He has held the Taylor Scholarship in Math, and is now an assistant in that department. He intends to get his A. B. and then settle down and write M. D. as a supplement to his name.

WILLIAM RUTLEDGE HUDSON.

In the middle of June, 1884, the world was first entranced with the sound of his bass voice, and surprised by his wonderful agility. Coming to W. & L. in 1902, he showed himself a proficient student, especially in Sr. Latin, and a good athlete. He has been a member of the track team and gym. team, and showed his proficiency in tennis by winning in doubles in '04. He has been especially useful in the Glee Club, the "Wash." Literary Society, and the Y. M. C. A. He intends to be a bacteriologist, and we expect for him great success in catching the bugs.

CHARLES PORTERFIELD LIGHT.

On Sept. 8, 1884, Martinsburg, W. Va., was startled by the appearance of this new light. Having played with books and juggled a gun for a while at the Berkeley Military Academy, he came to W. & L. in '03. He joined the "Reds" and was a member of the winning crew in 1904–1905. During his senior year, he has presided over the Washington Society, and been its Chief Marshal at the annual celebration. Evidently this is not, and will not be the "Light that failed," and we predict that he will be a luminous expounder of the law, since he intends to pursue that profession after his A. B. is given him in June.

BASIL MAXWELL MANLY

LEXINGTON, VA.

Basil came to Washington and Lee after a year at the University of Missouri. He resembles the ground hog in general habits as well as in general appearance. For two years he staid in his hole emerging only to pounce upon a stray scholarship or two. The completion of his period of hibernation, however, was the signal for a complete change of weather. The Saturday Night Club is the most obstrusive outward and visible evidence of his activity, but to trace the ramifications thereof would puzzle the "Old Sleuth" He is a member of *ΦΓΔ*, Historian and Valedictorian of his class and co-Editor-in-Chief of this book. His future connection with W. & L. depends upon the reaction between the Calyx and the Faculty.

WILLIAM WALLER McBRYDE.
ΦΔΘ.

He was born May 14, 1884. There was evidently some mistake, but it was decided to put trousers on him,—the experiment of pantalettes proving a failure, and send him to W. & L. by way of the Ann Smith Academy. After a year of Jr. English, Waller no longer blushes, tho' otherwise he retains his lady-like manners. He always knows his lessons, and will graduate with no trouble.

JOHN PILKINGTON, JR. *ΚΣ*
FRANKFORT, KY.

WILLIAM ADDISON RAY.

BELTON, TEXAS.

An habitually frightened-looking young man whose countenance and voice belie each other. He came into being on a cow-ranch in the fall season of 1884, and passed his childhood peaceably with his father's steers. Having made his mark (nothing affirmed of its shape) at Belton Academy, he climbed a freight train and took in the country, disembarking at Lexington in September, 1902. Since that time, he has been a member of the Trans-Mississippi Club and the Senior Latin Class ('05). The strain thus entailed has wrought seriously on his physique, and he will go home and rest when he gets his A. B.

LEE SMITH.

BRUNSWICK, TENN.

This quaintest and most original of characters slipped unobstrusively into the ranks of '06 in our Sophomore year. That he possesses a vocabulary and a sense of humor all his own, these records will abundantly testify. These characteristics together with the affectionate regard in which he is held by those of his class-mates who know him, justify the appellation of the "Mark Twain" of the class. He has won the Latin Scholarship and the Birely and unless he completes the score with three in three years, will put his knowledge on the market next year and dispense it to the highest bidder.

RICHARD BUCKNER SPINDLE, JR.
KΣ.

This amiable youth gravitated into Lexington in '02, hung his hat on the hat rack of one of the ranches, and has been here ever since. We wish that he might be with us longer, for we will lose a steady student and a genuine good fellow, when "Buck" goes away from us. Probably "Buck's" most brilliant achievement was the Senior Banquet toast. Being one of the first, there were several people who could still hear him and all of them said it was good. Anyone could see from his expression that he was a philosopher—he proved it last spring by winning the Young Scholarship. Beauty being his strong point, a sheepskin can hardly add anything to his appearance—he is merely taking a degree as a conventional form.

ALBERT STEVES, JR. *KA*

Who would care to speak for one who wears such a speaking countenance? Five years ago he came to town a Kid, has been a Kid consistently throughout his college career, and whatever may be in a name, will be "Kid" all his life. In every college activity he has taken a part; he has enthusiastically supported athletics; has been a member of every possible social organization, and has always been on hand whenever college spirit needed a "boost." His presence will be greatly missed when he leaves us in June, and we are confident that he will raise quite a little dust on the path-way of life.

MARTIN REYERSON TURNBULL.

ΦΓΔ

LEXINGTON, VA.

Judge makes an extraordinary deal of fuss with his jaw, but no one takes much heed thereto except when he sings. Then do we spread us forth on the Mountains and seek fresh wind. He loves his profs., his fellow-man, the Sabbath School, and the wetness of potations when they are red. He will get an A. B. in June, and leave for Senegambia by the next train in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., making connections at South Glasgow.

ISAAC SAMUEL WAMPLER.

LEXINGTON, VA.

Isaac Samuel was born on the 15th day of October, 1689, the day that Abraham Lincoln and Richard Coeur de Leon began the construction of Monmouth Church, some three miles north of Lexington. He graduated from the University of Nashville about the time that Massachusetts ratified the Constitution, and entered W. & L. in September, 1902, having devoted the interval to the instruction of the youth of the land. While here he has been occupied with correcting Physics exercises, and slaying the dogs of the village to ameliorate the hunger of those who take their feed at the Blue Hotel. His senior dress indicates a knowledge of the Arts, and his rotund anatomy cuts quite a Socratic slash therein. Isaac wears no hair on the top of his head, deeming it foppish and contrary to the laws of sound hygiene.

ALFRED MILES WITHERS. *ΔΤΔ*

ABINGDON, VA.

"Little" Withers is the baby member of the Senior Class. Frost had fallen in the autumn of '87 when he made his debut as a factor in the mechanism of the universe and swelled the music of the spheres with his own peculiar squall. At an early age, he ate up the curricula of the prep. schools in his neighborhood, and began a more strenuous diet at W. & L. in September, 1903. That he has digested it well, his Modern Language Scholarship and excellent Gym. records show conclusively. He will get his A. B. with ease, but is unsettled as to what economic utility it may best be converted into. He may be recognized by his mathematical abilities, his tennis trousers and indelible smile. If found at large, ship him to Abingdon in a freight car.

ROBERT EUBANK WITT. *ΚΣ*

The shrill clarion of Chanticleer announced the arrival on March 28, 1884, of the Apollo to-be of the class of 1906. Having sprouted several feet during his sojourn at the Lexington High School, he entered W. & L. with a scholarship therefrom. Because of his honesty and forbearance he was made treasurer of W. L. S., which uneviable position he has held for two years. A. B. is his present goal, to be followed by a striving after engineering honors.

PHILIP HENRY WISMAN.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Four years ago, Wisman joined the Wash. Society, and a special platform was erected for him to speak from, that he might be seen of his fellows. They have seen him, every Saturday night. For three years he has been an efficient factor in the creation of the fuss that the Glee Club makes, and at present sits on the best chair when the Shenandoah Club meets in council. He takes Senior Latin with Judas, but hopes to carry away an A. B. scroll in June. This he will embalm and present to the Harvard authorities next fall as evidence of the prowess of his brain. His stay with the Wise Men of the East will consume the space of two years, at the end of which time he hopes to have enough Ram's hides to feed and clothe him the remainder of his life.

HARRY LEE KIDD.

LOVINGSTON, VA.

Finished everything of any importance by the end of the first term, took his Christmas drink at home, and cast himself in the whirl and hum of business life on New Year's day. Kidd lived at the Blue for three years, attending Sunday School, bathing fall and spring, and swiping coal oil. One day, however, he incurred the wrath of Isaac Samuel by sticking his fork into a piece of steak, and had to move to the Dorm. He worked in the Chemical Lab. every Sunday last fall, but kept up appearances by using freely and copiously on week days the words he had learned on Sundays in former years. He gets his A. B., and goes forth into the world with a good scholarship recommendation back of it, and bearing the assurance of his classmates' esteem.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER REVELY.

LEXINGTON, VA.

Has been a faithful member of the prep. Greek Class and the Wash. Literary Society for several years, in both of which bodies he has several times shown his ability to speak between seventeen and eighteen words per hour on a stretch, when occasion demanded. He will get an A. B. this year, puncture the thing and wear it as a porous plaster to hold himself down whenever he gets too much worked up in the course of a sermon, his tendency seeming to be in the direction of Ecclesiasticism.

REV. SAMUEL REGISTER NEEL.

GAINESTOWN, VA.

Of exceeding uprightness of conduct, and more exceeding perversity of physiognomy. He flunked on Intermediate Greek, owing to the fact that Socrates says nothing about Courtship—Neel's brain comprehending but one thing at a time. He has not been in much evidence for the past year, conceiting himself that he is preaching. He gets his A. B. without fail this time, as he studies nothing but erotic psychology.

JOHN ENGLEHARDT SCOTT.

John really belongs several pages further on, among the Scientific Bachelors, but since he is one of those *sui generis*, who were unable to find a photographic plate of a tensile strength sufficient to receive the impression of their faces (John exhausted the local supply in his efforts), it has been decided to give him the benefit of the more exclusive classification.

By rights, he would have departed the city last year, but on investigation it was discovered that he had passed Senior Physics without taking Intermediate, the which it is unlawful to do. He has proved himself a capable and conscientious assistant in Chemistry in the past three years, and the best wishes of all whom he has baptized with nitric acid go with him.

ENGINEERS
We aim to be Bachelors of Science
But not of Matrimony

FRANK THOMAS DOTSON.

"Dot," Liberty Hall, and "Alex" are the three noteworthy landmarks of Washington and Lee. "Dot" won an indelible mark of his grit in one of the greatest class fights that ever took place. Since that day he has exhibited his nerve and muscle on the Football field and has been rewarded with a monogram. During the past year he and "Scotty" have been assisting "Jeems Lewis" in perpetrating odoriferous atmosphere and insulting the passer-by therewith. Everyone knows "Dot" and all who know him wish him the best of luck.

GEORGE HENRY CAPERTON, JR.

K A

The state of West Virginia and the town of Fire Creek are honored as the birth-place of this senior. "Cape" is a living example of the effect of environment.—Fire Creek, without doubt, being responsible, for the hue of his locks. As a "feminologist," he has long ago taken his degree through the medium of the Cotillion Club. Nature having fitted him to be a shining light in society. He expects to take his B. S. in June, and will go forth into the wide world as a chemist.

WALTER H. DUNLAP. *ΣAE*

Made his first reconnoissance Feb. 10th, 1883, and demonstrated that he possessed the vocal qualifications for a transitman. The following record is eloquent of the versatility of his interests since he passed from the Roanoke High School to sit at the feet of "Old Davy:" Engineer scholarship '03–'04; Field Instructor and Assistant '04–'05–'06; Vice-President Custis Lee Engineering Society '06; Vice-President Harry Lee Boat Club '04–'05–'06; Track team '03–'04; Gym. Team '04–'05–'06; Cotillion Club; Student Executive Committee '05–'06. Let it be added that he was one of the founders of the Sat. Night Club. It must be patent to him who runs, that this young man has well earned the title of High Priest and Keeper of the Sacred Fire of College Spirit. He will honor his profession as he has been honored by his fellow-students.

WILLIAM LACY HOGE. *ΔTΔ*

Better known to the world as "Piggy," first looked upon an unsympathizing world as exemplified in Louisville, Ky. He came to Washington & Lee and immediately became involved in the mighty work of the Y. M. C. A. in their endeavor to effect the conversion of the University. As a supplement to this he began a series of daily walks to the upper end of Main Street, and it is estimated that he has worn out no less than one hundred pairs of shoes in this way. He is known as a conscientious student, and will, no doubt, make a mark about six feet high on the wall of Fame.

JOHN McCULLOCH, JR. *ΦΚΣ*.

Sometime in 1884, he smote the earth with his presence, and manifested his precocity by giving an intelligent grunt at the age of four days (it is said). All the neighbors and kins-people applauded, and John conceited himself that he had attained the acme of the art of expression, with the result that he has made no further endeavors along that line, and still conveys his thoughts in the original way. He gets a B. S. this year, and it is to be supposed that he will engineer, although no one can swear.

HARRISON REED MORSE.

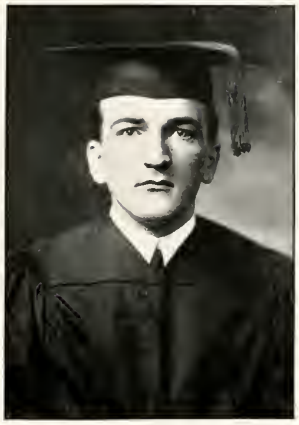
It was in the prim shades of Somerville, Mass., in the year 1884, that the sun first shone upon his face. Having "hit the grit" at the Merrimac High School for some years, he decided to try a balmier atmosphere, and so, having gathered up his Lares, Penates and other doll rags, he turned his way Virginia-ward, and entered W. &. L. in 1902. He has been especially prominent in track team work, having made his place on the team in '03–'04, and been captain for the two succeeding years. He applies for a B. S. in Mining, but intends to make architectural draughting his profession.

JOHN EDWARD QUISENBERRY.

The records state that "Quizzy" at the age of 18 months dismayed his nurse by making a twenty-yard run around the room with his bottle tucked snugly under his arm. He has experimented with all the athletics to be found at W. & L., and by dint of the study of physique thus obtained, has played a substitute half-back on the 'Varsity for the last three years. He expects to get a B. S. in June and will then hit the ties as a rail-road engineer.

WILFORD FRANKLIN RAILING.

Railing is an energetic young athlete, born October 24, 1885. He is an alumnus of the Frederick (Md.) High School, and has a long nose. Entering W. &. L. in September, 1903, he lay low until last fall, when he suddenly illumined and was chosen President of the Maryland Club, Treasurer of the Senior Engineers, and Captain of the football Scrubs. It was under his leadership that the Scrubs declared themselves independent of the coach's authority, and went on their memorable strike. He gets a B. S. this year and will shortly enter on his chosen profession.



IRA THORNTON RITENOUR.

DILBECK, VA.

"Daddy" is a graduate of Eastern College, and very fat to gaze at; a holy terror on Integrals and Expansive Coefficients, but very little acquainted with frivilous capers of German. Arrived in Lexington in '03, his first care was to prepare himself against the edge of Aleck's wit, and it can not be doubted that he knows some math by this time. He holds down his seat in the Custis Lee Engineering Society demurely, but firmly, and eats the pie of Lindsay without showing a trace of emotion. His hook is baited for a B. S., and no one doubts his ability to build bridges.

ERNEST BOWLING ROESER.

Some twenty-three years ago, this sawed-off specimen of humanity was born into the world at Cambridge, Maryland. From that time until he entered W. & L. in September, 1903, nothing at all is known of his career; perhaps he attended school, perhaps he did not. At any rate, he passed so many tickets with credit during his first two years that he now has some 80 points to his credit and loafs all the time. This year he sits on the Calyx Board, and his feet will not touch the ground. In June he will cover his body with a B. S. diploma, and go forth to seek whom he may devour.

GEORGE WILLIAM PRESTON WHIP.

ΦΔΘ

Whip is a white-headed, thick-set fellow, possessed of a genial nature and a cap and gown which he drew at the Senior Raffle. He is not certain of his age, but from the best authorities, it seems that he was born in September, 1884. His home town is Frederick, Md., and here he graduated at the High School that has sent us so many other stars. He is taking a B. S. with some vague and hazy ideas of entering in a business life.

HENRY WILSON WITHERS.*ΔΤΔ*

Nineteen-six's premier athlete is the product of Abingdon and Abingdon Academy, and in large part a produet, as well as an exponent of W. & L. athleties. He has been the best gymnast in college for three or four years, for three years he has held down right tackle on the football team, and it will be a new sensation to the side lines not to feel that this side of the line is safe whate'er betide. Then he has rowed on the Albert-Sidneys for two years, and viewed the straining backs of the Virginia Boat Club some distance in the rear. If this is not "2 mnteh" we will add that Henry is as determined in the class room as on the field and river, is vice-president of the Custis Lee and a good fellow to boot.

BRENT ELMER CLARK,

WINCHESTER, VA.

"Of *whiskers* and a man I sing," for the common verdict of all who have seen him is that, in Clark's make up, hirsutes have the relation of 3 to 1 to the rest of him. Born Feb. 18th, 1883, within smelling distance of the song-famed town of Winchester, throughout his youth and early manhood, he sat on a wooden bench at Shenandoah Academy and chewed tobacco. He disembarked at Maj. Houston's in September, 1903, and has made connection with the following. Track team ('05); Birely Scholarship ('05); Custis Lee Engineering Society ('06); Y. M. C. A. (!!!). He rises with the sun and carries a pick and shovel down to the cliffs that overhang North River, where he expects to dig up a sheep-skin marked B. S.

HARVEY LOCKHART HANDLEY,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

He was born while "Sissy" was doing some research work in Paris, graduated from Greenbrier Academy in the early part of the present century, and entered W. & L. shortly afterwards. His disputative abilities won him the Graham-Lee Debater's Medal in '03, and he cut out scholastics for a year. In '04, he returned to Lexington bringing Mrs. Handley with him. The chief seat of honor in the Custis Lee Engineering Society is his, and the Senior Engineers look upon his hand-writing with more favor than that of lesser men. The tassel on his cap is yellow.

ACADEMIC JUNIOR

The Class of 1907 has occupied itself hitherto with doing things. This is the first time it has ever stopped long enough to talk about itself; and hence, we have never acquired that easy facility in self laudation so characteristic of the rising generation of under-graduates. However, it takes but a glance at the roster of our College of Fame to determine our place among classes, and to justify even such class pride as ours. The names of Rankin and Charlie Bagley are a power in college athletics, and only this year has the peerless "Shack" left us, and with so many others moved over into Engineering Hall to sit at the feet of "Old Davy." Name the college orators, the college journalists, the musicians and song birds, and like Abou Ben Adhem the names of 1907 lead all the rest. And then, have we not our poets? Our Shields and Iden? Who can match these?

For the third time since our advent at Washington and Lee University, the foliage is casting aside its cloak of winter gray for one of a more brilliant hue, and the encircling mountains are losing their dim and dark visage, becoming resplendent with the paint of nature's brush, in evidence of an approaching summer. During three long years we have been prostrating ourselves, on bended knee and with bowed head before the shrines of

Wisdom, Science and Knowledge,—and yet we realize that we have counted but a few beads in our devotions. Has our time, then, been uselessly spent? Surely not. As year has succeeded year, we have seen off in the distant horizon, growing more and more brilliant, a star of wisdom, penetrating the darkness of our surroundings, its clear pure rays have been to us a message invaluable,—that there is a vacancy in the world to be filled by each one of us.

As this, our Junior year may unfortunately be the last for many of us, we can not but take this opportunity to express our most heartfelt appreciation to those people of Lexington who have shown so much sympathy and kindness to the homeless students. They little realize how great their kindness and sympathy have been. Many is the evening we have spent in their parlors, forgetting that we were not at home amid our ————: enough of this, or Naughty Seven will soon be shedding briny tears of the homesick malady.

Naughty Six is saying "Au revoir;" Farewell, '06, Farewell! "We know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table. Farewell!"

Junior Academic Class

Anderson, H.
Bagley, C. F.
Crockett, C. C.
Englehardt, S. M.
Glass, P. P.
Iden, V. G.
Jones, F. G.
Larrick, A. R.
East, J. T.
McCutchan, F. Jr.
Phillips, S. L. Jr.
Rankin, E.
Roy, S. McE. Jr.
Shields, W. R.
Staples, A. P. Jr.
Stephenson, R. B.
Toms, L. A.
Johnson, N. F.
Larrick, J. H.
Glass, R. C.
Page, H. M.

JUNIOR EN-GINEERING

No man can say of us "They came thence" or "They go thither." We had no perceptible origin; so the historian, who tries to be logical, finds himself in a predicament at the outset in not being able to refer the Junior Engineers to their proper source. Some one who was unkind said we were an example of those curious products that Dame Nature moulds when she has the indigestion, but the explanation did not appeal to me. I did not contradict my companion flatly, for I felt sure he had recently taken some stimulant for his imagination and I wished to be on good terms; later it developed that he was merely a fond disciple of Dr. Campbell.

Treating our class collectively and commenting first on the exterior man, the writer can note that in the matter of beauty we are fully up to the standard in the engineering school—*i. e.* taking the seniors as the standard. There is even a tradition that Griffith in his infancy took a blue ribbon at a baby show, but as the occurrence took place so long ago, the records have disappeared and we are somewhat skeptical.

Regarding our intellectual strength I will merely put certain facts before the reader and let him draw any inferences that are fit. Very recently our affable Dean surprised us very much during one of his lectures

by picking out one of our most promising men and propounding this direct question: "Mr. Blank, do you know what *Work* is?" The inferenee is very plain. And the gentleman who carries the tuning fork sometime since looked over the top of his glasses on the Mechanics Class as if he would say "The more you study this, the more you do not know any thing about it." The inference here is again very plain—all of the Faculty are afraid for us to know how highly we are esteemed. Similar testimony could be given from "Old Alex."

Ere long the gowns of the Seniors will envelop us and we have already the required dignity. There be many lions in the way but if the presiding deities, which being interpreted, the Faculty, are willing, we hope to pull through, and then perhaps, when our days here are over, there can be found a man more fit to tell our story than the

HISTORIAN.

Junior Engineering Class

Officers

H. W. Miller, . . . *President*

T. O. Bagley, ... *Vice-President*

J. S. Moore, ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

Bagley, T. O.
Dexter, C. E.
Dunn, W. R. J.
Green, B. M.
Green, C. L.
Hutton, R. L.
Hoge, E. A. C.
Moore, J. S.
Nottingham, J. L.
Payne, A. H.
Stoneburner, L. T. Jr.
Miller, H. W.
Zentmeyer, J. D.
McCrum, C. M.
Lippitt, M. I.
Griffith, A. E.
Morehead, J. C
Jones, W. E.

ACADEMIC SOPHOMORE

Friends, Students, Scholars, lend me your ears!

And it came to pass in the ninth month of the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and four, there was backed into this far-famed seat of learning, this ancient and historical city, this social and intellectual centre of the universe, by a slow-moving iron monster, a band of noble youths gathered from the four corners of the earth. Soon after our appearance in this strange land we encountered that hitherto unknown species of the *genus homo*—the Upper-Classman. These dignitaries informed us that it was our lot to engage many of their number, called "Sophomores," in mortal combat—the fight to be waged for the possession of a huge wooden bowl. Nothing loath, we organized, and headed by the dauntless Carpenter, paraded the streets of Lexington. It was on the memorable fourth day of October that our valiant phalanx charged upon the Sophomore gladiators, and—won the fierce "Bowl-Fight!" We had won fame for ourselves, we had asserted our superiority, we were the victorious nonpareil Class of 1908! Then we went our way in peace, yet rejoicing, wishing good-will toward all men. We are not lauding our accomplishments, yet in justice to ourselves it must be said that we won for ourselves honors in the class-room and in the college-world. We were not however puffed up by our achievements, for merit vaunteth not itself.

After completing our first glorious year, about five and sixty of our conquering heroes wended their way back to these halls of fame, resolved to win new honors and fresh glory. The first sight which met our eyes was the vast multitude of heterogeneous Freshmen. This year the class-fight was to be over a large leathern ball. The members opposing us were great, but marshalled by the doughty Jackson we placed ourselves in battle array, and swept down on the green conglomeration. Again, although opposed by overwhelming odds, we marched from the hard-fought-field conquerers.

With an unsullied fame, and an unsurpassable record, we are pursuing our way along the devious paths of knowledge to a goal of high scholarships, whence we shall be ushered into the University of the World. Here's to the noble sons of 1908! May the future see in them the fulfillment of the bright hopes and worthy ambitions the glorious past has promised.

LAURENCE CLAIBORNE WITTEN.

Historian.

Class of 1908

Officers

O. C. Jackson, *President*, ... Virginia

P. W. Turner, *Vice-President*, ... Alabama

S. Fleming, *Secretary and Treasurer*, ... Virginia

Members

Anderson, L. A., A., . . Virginia
Bartenstein, F., F., . . Virginia
Bell, D. R., A., ... Alabama
Berry, R. F., A., . . . Virginia
Bierer, J. M., B., . . . Virginia
Bledsoe, R. P., A., . . . Virginia
Bryant, L. P., A., . . . Louisianna
Carpenter, J. C. Jr., A., . . Virginia
Clendening, H. N., E., . West Virginia
Collins, P. E., A., ... Florida
Copenhaver, M., A., . . Virginia
Cover, E. R., A., . . . Virginia
Deaver, M. C., A., . . Virginia
Deets, E. H., A., . . . Maryland
DeVane, D. A., A., ... Florida
Dodd, R. A., A., . . . Virginia
Dominick, G. J. Jr., A., . . . Alabama
Dulaney, F., E., . . . Tennessee
Dutrow, L. B., E., . . . Virginia
Faulkner, J. O., A., . . Virginia
Firebaugh, R. M., A., . . Virginia
Fleming, S., A., . . . Virginia
Forney, A. K., E., . South Carolina
Gassman, H. W., A., . West Virginia
Glass, R. C., A., . . . Virginia
Godwin, J. M., A., . . West Virginia
Gordon, L. C., E., . . . Missouri
Gott, E. F., A., . . West Virginia
Gravely, J. S., A., . . . Virginia
Green, B. M., E., . . West Virginia
Grimes, A. M., A., . . . Kentucky
Harper, L. D., E., North Carolina

Havlin, T. N., E., . . .Missouri
Higginbotham, B. M., E., .Virginia
Hill, D. H., E., . .West Virginia
Hoge, E. A. C., E., District of Columbia
Hooper, W. P., A., . .Virginia
Hopkins, A. K., A., . .Virginia
Hynson, R. W., A., District of Columbia
Jackson, O. C., A., . . .Virginia
Koontz, L. K., A., . .West Virginia
Larrick, A. R., A., . . .Virginia
Lee, A. P., E., .District of Columbia
Lippitt, M. I., E., . .West Virginia
Long, J. S., A., . . . Florida
Lord, W. L., A., . . .Kentucky
Luhn, W. R., E., . . .Maryland
Lybrand, A. W., E., District of Columbia
MacCluer, D. W. M., A., . Pennsylvania
May, F. P. Jr., A., . . . Florida
McCreery, H. M., E., .West Virginia
McGill, E. H., E., . . .Arkansas
McMurran, W. R., E., . .Virginia
Miles, G. H., A., . . .Virginia
Millsaps, F. F., E., . Louisianna
Minetree, G. M., A., District of Columbia
Newell, W. B. M. B., A., South Carolina
Newton, C. Jr., A., . Louisianna
Newton, J. G., E., . . . Texas
Newton, T. C., A., . . Louisianna
Norfleet, J. P., E., . North Carolina
Peters, M. J., A., . . .Virginia
Phillips, H. W., A., . .Virginia
Porter, H. D., E., . . .Virginia
Pruit, D. E., A., . . New Mexico
Pruit, R. B., A., . . New Mexico
Ramsey, W. K., A., . .Arkansas
Rateliffe, E. H., A., . Mississippi
Revely, R. J., A., . . .Virginia
Riser, W. F., E., . . . Alabama
Robinson, A. T., A., . .Maryland
Rodgers, J. J. D., A., . . Alabama
Smith, B. T., E., . . .Virginia
Staples, A. P., A., . . .Virginia
Staples, S. H., E., . . .Virginia
Syron, C. L., A., . . .Virginia
Tatterson, T. A., E., . .Virginia
Temple, H. G., A., . . .Virginia
Terry, I. H., E., . . .Virginia
Triplett, J. I., A., .West Virginia
Turner, P. W., A., . . . Alabama
Walker, K., A., . . Tennessee
White, H. M., A., . . .Virginia
Will, J. P., A., . . .Virginia
Witten, L. C., E., . . .Virginia

ACADEMIC FRESHMAN

How Hereulean is the task to choose out of the monstrous mass of material at hand a few facts that must be thrown together and called a History of the Class of '09; to jot down a few items from this immense pile and expect to do justice to this the largest and most progressive band of Freshman that has ever entered Washington and Lee. The class of achievement, of action, of vitalized energy! Surely the fates are most unkind. 'Tis hard, hard to be compelled to state in a few brief unsatisfactory sentences that which only volumes can fully present. But so the fateful three have decreed, and so it must be done.

The Class of '09 —what a synonym of force, vigor and capacity. One hundred and twenty five loyal souls, gathered from all parts of these United States, from New England to New Mexico, from Florida to Montana and even from across the ocean, they have assembled in old Lexington to nobly uphold the unstained honor of Washington and Lee.

A specific instance of the grit and determination of good old '09 was seen on the day of the fierce and bloody ball fight—the most terrific of its kind ever witnessed on our Athletic Field. A mighty band of big but trembling Soph's with every advantage of superior position, minute

organization and fore-knowledge, stand opposing them. But undaunted the sturdy and confident company of Freshman await but the crack of the pistol to plunge into the fray with a last long yell for '09. Led on by their gallant President, John L. Campbell Jr., they hurl a compact front into the strong line of their opponents and present an impregnable wall to the counter attack of the no less determined Soph's. Buried beneath a huge mass of squirming, kicking, shoving human bodies, lies '09's brave but almost lifeless Ball-man, Charles Glasgow, gasping for breath, but still thinking ever of the honor of his class, clasping tenaciously the ball which '08 strives all in vain to get.

O, it was a glorious fight,—a bloody, flesh-tearing, hair-snatching, grinding fight, and right nobly and valorously to the bitter end fought '09. Details are unnecessary here. Suffice it to say that it was a magnificent victory for those who in the end held the field.

But who were the victors, some one asks?; that is of least concern. The all-important thing is that '09 put up a mighty scrap, and covered with glory and dust retired from the bloody field amid the cheers of the excited multitudes without the loss of a man. But other things such as flesh, skin and temper were lost; and as for clothes—well the ragman picked up the remnants the next day.

Would that space permitted an account of the uninterrupted chain of victories won by the heavy weight '09 foot-ball team, or of her fast and snappy baseball nine, or even of the splendor of her Class Banquet. Would, that mention might be made of the masterly manner in which all the available objects in the campus were daubed with the Freshman colors. But the cruel sisters have decreed that the History of Class of the grey and crimson shall be written in the memory of man, rather than on the parchment of time. And as of old, their decree must be obeyed.

W. K. RAMSEY JR.,

Historian.

Freshman Class

Officers

JOHN LYLE CAMPBELL, JR., *President* . . . Lexington, Va.
CHARLES SPEARS GLASGOW, *Vice-President* . . Lexington, Va.
WILLIAM HOGUE MARQUESS, *Secretary—Treasurer* . Louisville, Ky.
WILLIAM KING RAMSEY, JR., *Historian* . . Camden, Ark.

Freshman Academic Department

Officers

CLEON SCOTT OSBOURN, *President* . . Shenandoah Junction, W. V.
SUMMERS DAVIS, *Vice-President* . . . . . Louisville, Ky.
T. RUSSELL CATHER, *Secretary & Treasurer* . Chambersville, Va.

Members

Allen, Harvey, ... Kansas City, Mo.
Anderson, David Lawrence, Jr., ... Soochow, China.
Anthony, Jno. Wm., Jr., ... Lynchburg, Va.
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Batten, Grover Aaron, ... Lost Creek, W. Va.
Beitel, Albert, Jr., ... San Antonio, Tex.

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Chatham, R. Hood,	Dallas, Tex.
Claudy, Jno. William,	Baltimore, Md.
Cole, Jefferson Davis,	Monroe, La.
Crockett, Carl Converse,	Wilmore, Ky.
Daingerfield, Foxhall Alex., Jr.,	New York City.
Davis, Summers,	Louisville, Ky.
Dawkins, Crowell,	Tallahasse, Fla.
Denman, Kester Walker,	Lufkin, Tex.
DeVane, Dozier Adolphus,	Plant City, Fla.
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Doub, Walter Newcomer,	Beaver Creek, Md.
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Dale, John Richard,	Texarkana, Ark.
Effinger, Geo. Washington,	Harrisonburg, Va.
Eggleston, Samuel Daniel,	Charlotte C. H., Va.
Firey, Carl Roswell,	Aberdeen, So. Dak.
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Holloway, Hampden Sidney,	Henderson, Ky.
Holtz, Albert Staley,	Thurmont, Md.
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Johnson, Joseph Hendley,	Manassas, Va.
Keebler, Robert Samuel,	Bristol, Tenn.
Kilmer, John Nevin,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
Kilmer, Denis Smurr,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
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Lease, Wade,	Foote, W. Va.
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Wightman, Landon Leeper,	Edinburg, Va.

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Rhea, David Rankin,	Pulaski, Tenn.
Russell, James Wright,	Bonham, Tex.
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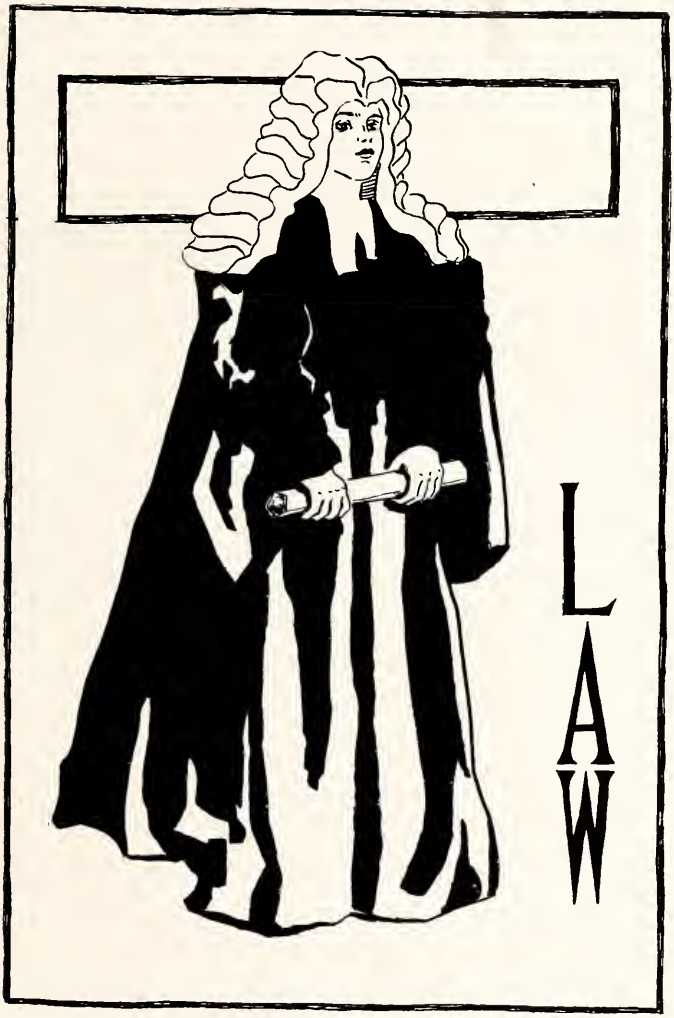
Sullivan, Jno. Madison Earl,	Camden, Ark.
Taylor, Edgar Rinehart,	Century, W. Va.
Trier, Thos. Joseph,	Winchester, Va.
Tutwiler, William Stanhope,	Savannah, Ga.
Van Devanter, Addison Clark, Jr.,	Paeonian Springs, Va.
Vawter, Elliott,	Ansted, W. Va.

The First Rush

The Melee.


LAW

History of the Senior Law Class

A HISTORY of this class reveals a story of hard work, patient endurance, and mental and physical suffering such as no class in any school has ever encountered. Subjected to severer tests, more work and harder examinations than any previous class in the history of the Law School of our beloved institution, it nevertheless has turned out as many sons to win plaudit for themselves and tribute for *Lex*, nineteen six. What dire prophesies followed the ignoble defeat of our brave warriors on the 22nd day of December, 1904! After a few weeks rest, however, giving the wounded time to revive, the fight was on again in earnest. Time after time our valiant men, with blood raised to boiling heat from reading of the infamous and daring crimes committed by Anderson, Read, Dejarnette and other desperate characters, and urged on as much by the masterful oratory of "Old Howell" as by the famous Dakota war-whoop of "Big Chief Spotted Tail," marched into and subjected Contingent Remainders, Executory Interests, and all other *Wilde* and barbarous portions of *Real Property coelo ad orcum*, all teeming with savage armies, led by such Bretons as *Shelley or Talfarum*, and full of treacherous pitfalls and yawning abysses. They abolished the Feudal System, and threw up *Graves* for such famous men as Roy, Garnett, Carter and Tyler.

This fierce struggle could not go on always, so through the intervention of the International Peace Conference at the Hague, peace was restored, and the final papers signed on April 1, 1905.

After the war our men took up their *Domestic Relations*, bought *Personal Property*, on which they procured *Insurance*, and settled down to work. Some of our most learned were sent to discuss grave *Constitutional* questions; some specialized on *Bills and Notes*—making bills at the various poolrooms and stores about town and giving notes therefor. These elementary matters being disposed of, we were given a furlough until September.

With what a grand feeling of being lords of all we surveyed did we stroll into Tucker Hall at the beginning of our Senior year! With a sense

of supreme superiority we heard our flattest and most uninteresting jokes repeated by a modest and admiring bunch of Blackstone sharks. But what a maze of intricacies awaited us.

We were soon in Pleading, where we learned that "special demurrers have been abolished in Virginia, except as to pleas in abatement," and that "the court absolutely despises and *abhors* a plea in abatement." We read over two thousand sections of Pollard's Code, (memorizing two hundred and eighty seven of them), all the cases decided in Virginia from tenth Gratton to thirteenth Burks, inclusive, several thousand in the United States Reports, the American, National and L. R. A. reporter system as well as various articles in different case and reference books and in the encyclopedias. Then, too, we studied text books: *Burks*, *Graves* and *Stephen on Pleading* and *Abbott's Civil Trial Brief*.

Having no "full, adequate and complete remedy at law" against this harsh treatment, we went into Equity. Trouble began with the purchase of the book. One man asked of another where the books for the term could be obtained. The reply was: "If you want to get *Eaton*, go to the law-book agent." "That's certainly the truth," he muttered, as he put the book under his arm and the last remains of a ten-dollar bill into his pocket. Any one who expected this subject to be easy was sadly mistaken, for we found the maxim "Equity follows the law" to be very true as to the long hours of boning required to get up an assignment.

The very latest thing is Roman Law, and it's about the limit. We concluded to let it go upon condition that the proposed course of Japanese Jurisprudence be postponed until next year. However, considering the fact that "it is only an experiment," and that students are only induced to take it by mere *brutum fulmen*, we think it very likely that it will run out after this session.

And now, all the *Evidence* having been taken, having received our discharge in *Bankruptcy*, according to the usual *Federal Procedure*, and degrees having been conferred on the meritorious, we are energetically seeking to find a town that wants a lawyer, a Justice of the Peace, a Notary Public; a law firm that wants a partner, a clerk, a stenographer, an office boy, or, in fact, anything at which we can keep from starving until the clients who are bound to come find out that our services are on the market and are well worth the few thousand samoleons they will have to pay for for them.

H. CLAUDE POBST, *Historian.*

Senior Law Class

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Walton, Judge Wertrees, ... Palatka, Florida
Walzer, Bernard Ridiard, ... Jacksonville, Florida
Watson, John Alexander, ... Starr, Virginia
Weinberg, Leo, ... Frederick, Maryland

Junior Law Class History

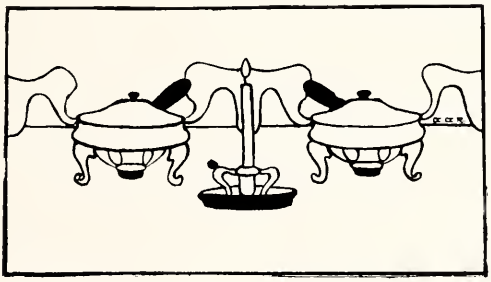
THAT the present Junior Law Class is the banner class of Washington and Lee University is a certainty that convinces and directs the understanding, and satisfies the reason and judgment of those who are bound to act conscientiously in considering its merits; in numbers, one of the largest, if not the very largest in the history of the institution; in wisdom, an exemplary and ideal group of youthful sages and philosophers, future chief-justices and eminent jurists; such a class as received the unstinted and merited praise of "Daddy" Burks, who hailed it as the most judicious looking, intellectual appearing and all-round *Best* class he had ever had the pleasure and honor of instructing in the principles of Law, and to whom he, with earnest expressions of regret, proclaimed his grief and sorrow at having to forego the Spring Quarter and tearfully confided that his duty led him to confine his efforts to the more juvenile acting class of Seniors in Law, a most sorrowful situation indeed, not whimsical or based on groundless conjecture.

The Junior Law Class represents twenty states of the Union, from New Jersey to New Mexico, from Montana to Florida, and while the law of Virginia is cited oftener, there is daily reference to a long case of Montana Law. There are *Crews* of fellows from New Mexico, a *Peck* of them from Virginia, the *Meek(est)* is from Georgia, while Arkansas makes her appearance *Stern*-foremost, there is a real *Diamond* from Florida, the West Virginians have a *Hardway* in Real Property with their *Gassman*, and there comes a *Howell* from North Carolina because there is *Nix* from Alabama and *Moore* from Indian Territory than from any where else.

So responsive are some of these Junior Law fellows to their work and impressions derived therefrom, that as result of Joe Long's course on *Domestic Relations* and *Carriers*, one student took unto himself a wife. Others of this class, whose gray matter is more susceptible to impressive impulses, laboring under delusions resultant from excessive imbibition of the completed course of *Torts*, and in contemplation of Criminal Laws, endeavored as an armed expedition proceeding from the Campus, one Hallow'een night, to put out of Commission, certain arc lights, the property of the city of Lexington; and, as is reported, a certain policeman, remonstrated against such hilarious jollification, only to incur the humiliation of being tied to a telephone post, there to remain, till jocund day stood flat-footed on House Mountain.

Now, if there has not been herein-before stated, or made open and obvious by necessary implication, sufficient facts to influence you to, and warrant you in the unanimous rendition of a verdict that the Junior Law Class is IT, set forth your reasons therefor or demur to the above declaration when the insufficiency of the evidence necessary to sustain the declarations will be supplied together with such extrinsic facts as necessary to be alleged by way of further inducement.

H. CRIM PECK.



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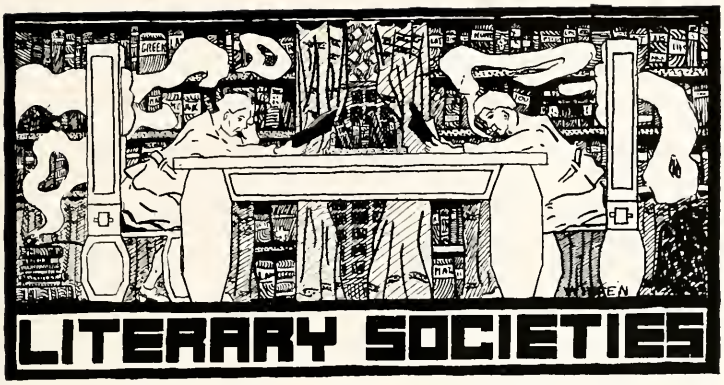
Stern, L. M., ... Camden, Arkansas
Steves, Albert, ... San Antonio, Texas
Wickham, J. F., ... Negro, Virginia
Wysor, J. L., ... Pulalki, Virginia



Joint Debate

Graham-Lee Literary Society

vs

Washington Literary Society

November 30, 1905

GREY MOORE, W. S. . . . . *President*
J. M. SAPP, G. L. S. . . . . *Vice-President*
P. H. WISMAN. W. S. . . . . *Secretary*
J. PILKINGTON, G. L. S. . . . . *Chief Marshal*

Question: *Resolved*. That the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be given powers to fix railway rates.

Debaters

Affirmative.	*Negative.*
WASHINGTON SOCIETY.	GRAHAM LEE SOCIETY.
D. S. MACDONALD, W. Va.	C. R. PILKINGTON, Ky.
W. F. SEMPLE, Ind. T.	J. W. FLANAGAN, Va.
R. B. STEPHENSON, Va.	J. H. LARRICK, Va.

Won by the Negative.

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Dominick, G. J.
Doub, W. N.
Dow, H. M.
Firebaugh, R. M.
Gabriel, G. C.
Gassman, H. W.
Ghiselin, S. B. M.
Glass, R. C.
Godwin, J. M.
Gordon, L. C.
Green, C. L.
Hardy, R. H.
Holtz, A. S.
Hooper, W. P.
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Hudson, W. R.
Hynson, R. W.
Iden, V. G.
Jackson, O. C.
Koontz, L. K.
Larrick, A. R.
Lease, W.
Light, C. P.
Mayer, B. J.
McCutchan, F.
McDonald, D. S.
McMurran, L. A.
Miller, A. I.
Miller, H. W.
Moore, Grey.
Murrey, J. W.
Nix, E. C.
Offutt, W. E.
Osburn, C S.
Page, R. R.
Peck, H. C.
Reveley, W. A.
Robinson, R.
Shields, W. R.
Stevenson, R. B.
Sterrett, R.
Syron, C. L.
Taylor, E. R.
Whiting, N. H.
Will, J. P.
Wisman, P. H.
Wisers, A. M.
Withers, A. M.
Witten, L. E.
Zentmeyer, J. T.

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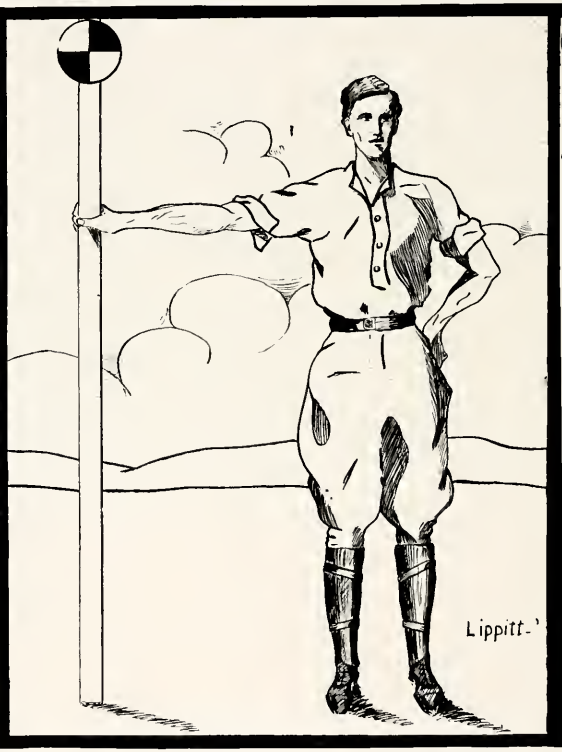

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ENGINEERING SOCIETY

Custis Lee Engineering Society

Was named after General G. W. Custis Lee, former president of the University; it was established December 5, 1905 by the four professors, together with the junior and senior classes of the Engineering School.

Its chief aims are:

(1) To promote the welfare of the University;

(2) Original investigation of scientific studies;

(3) The cultivation of accurate and forcible expression in scientific language by the preparation, reading, and discussion of papers;

(4) To promote the common professional and social interests of past and present members; and

(5) To maintain a scientific library.

Many former graduates of the Engineering School, now holding positions of great responsibilities, have already handed in their names as non-resident members.

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L. T. Stoneburner,	J. D. Zentmeyer,	H. W. Withers.

My Land

INTO the glowing West!
And lo! The vast and sunburnt plains unfold,
An endless, rippling, tideless sea of gold,
Our own dear Mother's breast!
The gaunt, the silent earth,
The bare, brown land without a single tree,
Or blossom as a home for bird or bee,
It lies, endures the dearth,
And smiles in spite of thirst,
And parched and craving lips. This is the best
The better land, my own, my noble West.

Into the West!
Green, verdant with the strength of endless light,
Immortal sunlight radiant and bright!
Where man may work, may rest;
This is my Paradise,
A land of flowers and of singing seas,
Of hoary mountain tops and giant trees,
Beneath vast, arching skies,—
Skies that are eloquent
With sympathy, and soft and deep and true,
Gray only when we are weary of the blue,
Cloudless and all-content.

Into the West!
That mother of great men who sing her praise,
Who marvel o'er her miracles and ways,
As free and unsurpressed,
As Oceans roll.
Say, O ye creatures of the farther sea,
What know ye of her grace and melody,
The grandeur of her soul?

Marion Forster Gilmore.

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The Ring-Tum Phi

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A Virginia Impression: Washington and Lee

WE thought they slept, the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around the vigil fires:
But still the Golden Horseshoe Knights
Their old dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

Have we not all of us written on our tablets the name of some place whose spirit, or atmosphere or landscape calls to us? And would we not all of us pack our traps and set forth for that place at once if it were given us to do exactly as we like? I firmly believe in the Spirit of Place—oh delectable phrase!—and if you have never fallen under its spell then I am sorry for you.

For many years Lexington, Virginia, had been written on my note-book, but I had crossed and recrossed Virginia without reaching it. And now, as I look back upon it, I am not at all sure that I was really there last August. Perhaps it is all a dream. Perhaps there is no such place as

Lexington, no such institution as Washington and Lee University, no Virginia Military Institute. But I hope I am not mistaken, for the reason, sufficient in itself, that I want to go back, and walk again upon that campus, see those spires, and look upon the delectable mountains that mark the horizons. It is not quite fair to visit a college in midsummer, when the students are away and the buildings closed; but the Spirit of Place guided me, and it was no fault of mine, that I found halls and groves deserted. I was due at a point far out on Cape Cod on a certain day. I calculated carefully and found that by dipping into the South I could spend a day at Lexington and reach Boston on schedule. I had time at Staunton to see those two superb schools for girls that are the chief distinguishing mark of that charming and thriving town. It is pretty safe to say that no schools anywhere in the country have handsomer grounds than these, which I saw amid the glory of their midsummer foliage, almost tropical in richness.

Lexington, O my ignorant brother! is no sooty manufacturing town at the crossing of noisy railways, where you are met at the station by a delegation of the commercial club, intent on showing you factory sites. The fact is, that after a delightful ride in the valley of Virginia, you back into Lexington in leisurely fashion through a cut that is a fine testimony to the engineers who carved it out of rock. And it is proper that one should not fall into Mecca on all fours, but approach with some sort of dignity. A young minister, a native of the place, whom I met on the train, most courteously initiated me into the first mysteries from the rear platform as we approached the station.

There is a fine, ample quality about Lexington. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled this beautiful valley, wanted room—which is the reason they hurried away from tide water and sought the Virginia mountains. They wanted room for their energies, and room, not less, for the soul to grow in. Verily they found good pastures when they camped at Lexington. The country thereabouts is beautifully undulating; the eye follows orchard, meadow and cornfield back to the hills. There

are pastures dotted with sheep; the red Virginia soil adds its note of color to the landscape; the skies of the Old Dominion are blue indeed.

But I was speaking of the openness and freedom suggested by the

landscape. I know of no place in New England—and I have made my salutations at all the Puritan shrines, where you are not somehow oppressed by a feeling that those old fellows did a lot for you, and that they are well aware of the fact and expect you to pay handsomely to keep fresh laurels on their graves. But perhaps I am prejudiced against the Puritans, who

were sadly deficient in humor and red corpuscles and incapable, I believe, of generosity.

The valley of Virginia is a region where a man's spirit finds broad

horizons. No wonder Lexington was chosen as the site for a college, and no wonder that that college to this day puts a mark on its alumni which is as indelible as it is indefinable. They tell you that Washington College had its first beginnings in 1780; but you know well enough that this is an error. It was always there—that's the truth—in real groves of academe,

and no landscape gardener has spoiled it all by cutting it up into formal garden plots. The grass and trees of the campus are no stage properties, where a madman trots around with a lawnmower from dawn to dark smoothing it out. The day was cool and bright and the wind came down out of the mountains and talked to the trees. As I sprawled on the grass I could remember at least two lines of Virgil and half of an Horatian ode—which is more Latin than had risen in my memory for many a day. I did not ask the names of the buildings—it was enough for me that they were old; and I was quite sure that they had not been built with tainted money. I went on up the long aisle of the campus to Virginia Military Institute—the West Point of the Confederacy, they used to call it, and a school of fine equipment it is to-day. You are on holy ground here, for at the very threshold, the cadets met a force of Federals and many fell. Jackson was superintendent of the institute when the war broke out, and his name and fame are second only to Lee's in Lexington. They show you his quaint old stone house, a fortress in itself; and his statue in the cemetery, where he gazes up the lovely valley as though on watch for a foe, is an eloquent and moving memorial.

Let us retrace our steps over the campus and enter the college chapel, built while Robert E. Lee was president. It looks older than it is, and the very benches have an ancient air. At the right hand as we face the platform is a handsome bronze tablet in memory of a member of $\Phi\Gamma\Delta$, and the sight of it touched me. There, in a community where I had not a friend or acquaintance, that tablet formed my one tie with the place, as though my life were somewhat knit to his through the fellowship of our fraternity.

It is difficult for me to speak now of what was to come. I had paused by the Hall tablet, and it was some time before I felt rather than saw the beauty and wonder of what lay beyond the reading desk—Valentine's superb recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee. I did not know of it, or believed it elsewhere, and certainly had not imagined anything so beautiful.

It lies within an iron grill—a sort of rood screen—but is plainly within the vision of all who enter. Every student, as he sits in the chapel every morning of the college year, has this majestic effigy before him. Ah me! How beautifully the South remembers her dead! I am Northern born, and my father was a soldier in the Northern army; and yet I am free to say that there is nothing in the National Museum at Washington that is comparable for moving pathos to the relics of Lee, Jackson and "Jeb" Stuart in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. Nor have I found in any other statue the noble dignity and sublime peace with which Valentine has touched the outward form of Lee in the quiet chapel at Lexington.

I do not envy the man his composure who can stand beside that beautiful testimony to Lee without emotion. Something has been caught and imprisoned in the white marble of the gentleness, the dignity, the quiet strength that endeared Lee to his own people and won for him the respect of his adversaries. You feel that, more than a soldier he was a gentleman of the noblest type, whose outlook on life was animated by Christian serenity and hope. The statue suggests the splendid repose of one who had earned his rest. For only five years he was president of Washington University, named for George Washington, its generous benefactor; and wholly natural it was that at Lee's death Lee's name should be united in the title with that of Washington. In the crypt beneath the statue lies the dust of Lee. His old office as president is only a step away on the ground floor of the chapel. There on a round table which has never been touched since his death lie his papers as they lay on the day he died—his last letters arranged with the care his mind ordered, bringing his life very close to those who are privileged to stand there.

The spirit in which Lee, the vanquished soldier, entered upon the presidency of Washington College, is finely set forth in the letter which he addressed to the board of trustees in accepting the office:

"I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and har-

mony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the state or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority."

It was fitting that Lee should carry a great heartache to the peace of the hills. There is compensation in all things, and it seems likely that Lee shall shine brighter through the years as the golden link between our own harsh times and those of "the invincible knights of old." It

may be that on the soil that bred him Idealism shall make her last stand. I recalled, as I stood in the still chapel, the requiem sung by George Edward Woodberry of Thomas Randolph Price,—which concludes thus:

"For thou hast borne the worst, and learned to bear
All lesser sorrows in one great despair.
O much enduring soul who enterest peace,
Still shall our love for thee on earth increase;
Now, poet, scholar, soldier on death's plain,
Sleep with thy early friends in battle slain!"

Lee was succeeded by his son George Washington Custis Lee, who was president for seventeen years. Even this slight note on this fine old institution would fail of its object if it did not mention William L. Wilson, sometime representative in congress from West Virginia, and postmaster-general in Mr. Cleveland's second cabinet, who was president of Washington and Lee from 1897 to 1900. The South has given the nation no finer example of the scholar in politics than William L. Wilson, and his early death robbed the country of a citizen whose high abilities and rare personal qualities were too little recognized.

What I have written does not pretend to be a description of Washington and Lee, but what I should like to communicate to the reader is the sense of the Spirit of Place that so seizes upon the visitor in Lexington. At Harvard and Yale you are in large cities; at New York, Columbia is only incidental in the life of the metropolis; the University of Chicago is as utterly lacking in distinction as a bunch of warehouses, and at other places that need not be named you are oppressed by a dreary weight of mere pedagogy and aware of little else.

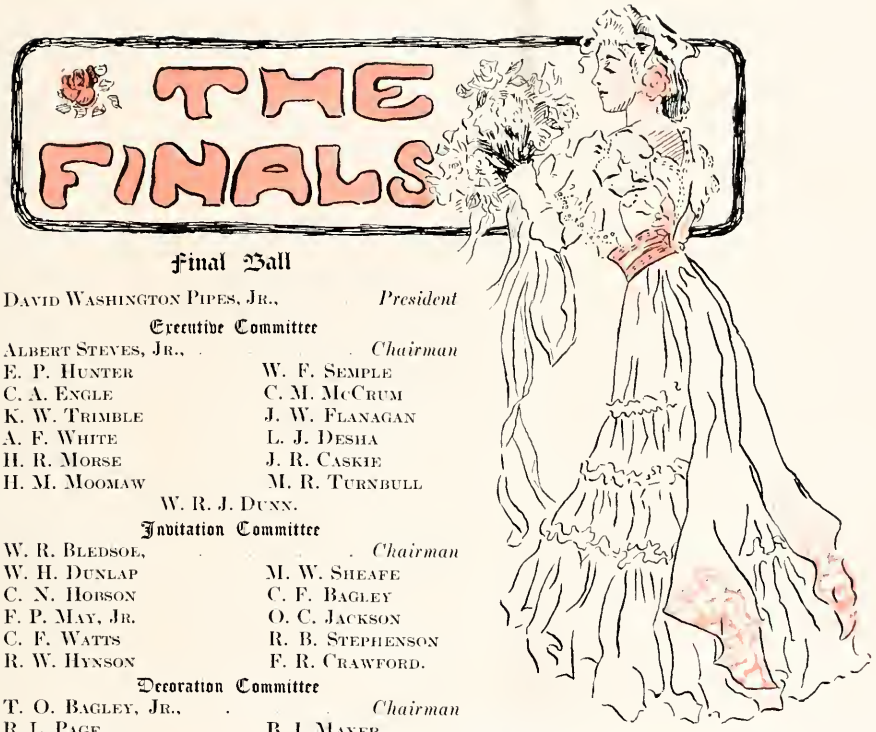
We have at Lexington an institution that expresses more intimately than the University of Virginia, the history and hope of the South. The University of Virginia is larger and richer in fine buildings, but it has ceased to be local and is now a great cosmopolitan institution. But the heart of the South beats at Lexington, and there, from all testimony, the student body is served by a group of unusually devoted and skilled teachers.

Washington and Lee stands for a particular thing—for straightforward, honest college work. It is animated at all times by those qualities of sturdy devotion to the business in hand that characterized of old the Virginians of the valley, eased and sweetened and brightened by the noble qualities of mind and heart which we only cheapen by the hackneyed phrase of Southern chivalry.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

THE FINAL BALL '06

JUNE TWENTIETH '06



Final Ball

DAVID WASHINGTON PIPES, JR., *President*

Executive Committee

ALBERT STEVES, JR., . . . *Chairman*

E. P. HUNTER	W. F. SEMPLE
C. A. ENGLE	C. M. MCCRUM
K. W. TRIMBLE	J. W. FLANAGAN
A. F. WHITE	L. J. DESHA
H. R. MORSE	J. R. CASKIE
H. M. MOOMAW	M. R. TURNBULL

W. R. J. DUNN.

Invitation Committee

W. R. BLEDSOE, ... *Chairman*

W. H. DUNLAP	M. W. SHEAFE
C. N. HOBSON	C. F. BAGLEY
F. P. MAY, JR.	O. C. JACKSON
C. F. WATTS	R. B. STEPHENSON
R. W. HYNSON	F. R. CRAWFORD.

Decoration Committee

T. O. BAGLEY, JR., ... *Chairman*

R. L. PAGE	B. J. MAYER
H. G. TEMPLE	G. H. MILES
G. H. CAPERTON, JR.	P. P. GLASS

JOHN PILKINGTON, JR.

Arrangement Committee

C. N. CAMPBELL, JR., ... *Chairman*

B. B. SHIELDS	J. T. MCCRUM
H. ANDERSON	B. M. MANLY

Reception Committee

V. M. MILES, ... *Chairman*

A. W. RUTAN	J. W. ADDISON
D. E. PRUITT	W. H. MORELAND

T. B. HUBBARD.

Cotillion Club

B. B. Shields, ... *President*

W. R. J. Dunn, ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

H. Allen

W. R. Bledsoe

K. W. Trimble

G. H. Caperton, Jr.

C. N. Campbell

D. E. Pruit

S. Jemison

W. H. Dunlap

D. W. Pipes, Jr.

C. F. Bagley

A. F. White

J. C. Hamilton.

G. H. Miles

V. M. Miles

Albert Steves, Jr.

T. O. Bagley

E. Rankin

D. L. Anderson

H. C. Tillman

L. Cooper

J. L. Campbell, Jr.

S. Davis

F. G. Jones

Chibiabos

SO he left the hills and
Meadows; so he left the
Kindly day; to the Land
Of the Hereafter, like the
Dying of glad laughter,
Chibiabos, the Sweet Singer,
Passed away.

And the tide among the
Marshes beats and washes,
Sways and swings, ever
Rising, ever falling, with a
Sad cry ever calling for the
Older and the truer
Vanished things.

Still the patient sea uplifts its
Mournful thunder night
And day; still the mornings
And the evenings, like a
Ceaseless music blowing,
Ever flowing, ever ebbing, with
Their glimmer and their
Glowing; fade away.

Still the sea wind, hillward
Coming, bears the sound of
Pheasants drumming, and
Among the firs and birches
Swings and searches all day
Thro'; and the hills that
Lean to hearken, and the valleys
that
They darken, and the flowers still
Await him whom they knew.

And forever shall they call
Him—winds and forest, hills
And deep—till the world
Shall need his singing and he
Wake again from sleep. For
The greatest and the truest of
The singers rise by night, when
The time is dark and cheerless
And hath need of strong and
Fearless hearts to battle for
The right, and of songs to cheer
The hoping of those groping
For the light.

So he left the hills and
Meadows; so he left the
Kindly day; to the land
Of the Hereafter like the
Dying of glad laughter,
Chibiabos, the Sweet Singer,
Passed away.

W. H. F.

Glee Club

Glee Club

Dr. Reid White, ... *Director*
R. W. Hynson, ... *Leader*
Herbert Anderson, ... *Pianist and Manager*

First Tenors

W. R. Hudson
R. B. Spindle, Jr.
P. H. Wisman
I. P. Gassman

First Basses

H. Ordeman
W. H. Marquess, Jr.
H. W. Miller
P. E. Collins

R. W. Hynson.

Second Tenors

M. W. Sheafe, Jr.
J. R. Caskie
A. I. Miller
W. P. Shelton

Second Basses

W. W. Oliver
L. C. Toms
R. L. Page
C. N. Campbell

R. B. Stephenson

Mandolin and Guitar Club

M. W. Sheafe, Jr. . . . . *Director*
H. Anderson, ... *Manager*

Mandolins

J. T. McCrum
G. W. Whip
J. P. Irwin
M. W. Sheafe, Jr.
P. E. Collins.

Violins

C. W. Schwabe
E. M. Steves
J. W. Claude

Guitars

H. D. Porter
C. S. Glasgow
W. P. Irwin

Clarinet

H. W. Miller

W. & L. U.
Dramatic Club

"ESMERALDA"

February 23, 1906

Dramatic Club

F. A. Daingerfield, Jr.
L. M. Stern
L. P. Bryant, Jr.
W. K. Ramsey, Jr.
R. H. Hagood, Jr.
G. H. Miles
A. Steves, Jr.
W. W. Oliver
D. W. Pruit
R. E. Powell
H. C. Peck.

Miss Rust
Miss Allen
Miss Haskins
Miss Howe
Miss Moore
Miss Barclay
Miss Elisabeth Barclay
Miss White
Miss Tucker

The Chronicles of Sheykh Michael

Chapter I.

1. Now it fell out about the middle of the ninth month in the fourth year of the reign of the Sultan Theodore I, and while the moon was yet in the full, that the young men assembled before the pavilion of Sheykh Michael for to do obeisance unto him.

2. And Sheykh Michael came forth to greet them, clad in his best raiment; the tail of his coat was two-pronged, and his shoes were shined and his locks were anointed with camel's grease.

3. And he beckoned them to follow him into the place of Assemblies; and when they were sat he spake words of encouragement to them and commended their beauty.

4. Then he further advised them that they should straight way repair unto the tent of his Grand Vezeer, Jon El, and deposit there their moneys lest they lose them through the artifices of the people of the city.

5. For the city is called Lexington, which, being interpreted, meaneth "A live place:" and among the inhabitants thereof is one Eh Cho, an upright man, who weareth all his hair in the form of a mustache.

6. And Eh Cho runneth a shop wherein are sold things "good to eat, drink, smoke and chew": he entieeth many and tradeth to them merchandise for moneys.

7. A man named Willie, (or in the Arabic, *Higgins*,) likewise keepeth a shop: and in this shop there are beautiful tables with balls of every hue placed upon them.

8. And Willie provideth all the young men with sticks that they may punch the balls and amuse themselves as when they were babes, and taketh from them moneys to buy fuel for his pipe.

9. A certain "Squire" of fair and bounteous girth likewise ruleth a joint: and he was wont to sell a drink called malt, which dilateth the countenance.

10. But the Chief Khaleefh said him nay, and taxed his wad sorely; for it is a strange and cruel custom of the place that no one may sell to a Sojourner aught to quench his thirst.

11. These and even others are there in Lexington; wherefore did Sheykh Michael request the young men to render him his due ere their eyes were gladdened by the sights of the streets.

12. And many of them took heed to his words and coughed up the cush and were armed with courses of study.

13. Being thus prepared, they again approached the tent of Sheykh Michael; and an odor that almost spake came forth from the door.

14. And the cause thereof was the cigar which the big Sheykh was smoking; and the smell was like unto the exhalations of Sheol.

15. And the young men were sore afraid, and were on the point of leaving with celerity; for they wist not that a cigar could behave that way.

16. But the Sheykh smiled sweetly, and they entered and beheld a five-pound lard bucket full of such cigars on his writing desk.

17. Now he guarded the bucket jealously with his left eye, considering that his cigars were a tempation to the servants of God.

18. And he asked no one to smoke with him (Blessed be the name of Allah!); *for his countenance was glad but his heart was contracted.*

19. Now the Sheykh straightway recognized the face of each of them by reason of having seen his hand-writing or that of his father.

20. And he rubbed the backs of the dejected and cajoled them, saying that they would become enamored of the city and of his service so that they would not desire to depart when their season was up.

21. Albeit, they gat them not around with the requisite suddenness; so that on the next day the Sheykh sware by his beard that no one should be enrolled who did not gird up his trousers and make a dash for Newcomb,

22. But the young men cared not to do violence unto their raiment, for they were new and glad to look upon; and they made haste with more leisure than became their status,

23. Delighting themselves with good things ere the Sabbath should come. (On that day no building in the city is open save Science Hall; for the meat-sellers bar their doors and the medicine-stores are sealed with molten lead.)

24. So the time of the Master-Sheykh was engrossed with their waywardness. Therefore he enjoined on one of his henchmen called Judas to give instruction in the speech of Tully Gildersleeve to those who desire it.

25. And Judas gathered his red hat, sware thrice in the name of the prophet and got him over and sat in the stead of Sheykh Michael.

26. Now there had been peace betwixt Judas and the young men, but one of them neither knowing or fearing the customs of the good Sheykh, spat on the floor of the apartment.

27. Whereat Judas became wroth and tare his whiskers, sprinkling ashes and epithets on the spittle of the young man. But in all other respects the dishing-out of wisdom was as on former years.

Chapter II.

1. But the most elderly and worthy of the young men are called Seniors. They appear wise in the sight of all for they have imbibed knowledge and other things and wear an heathen robe and head-dress.

2. And in their wisdom it seemed good to them to feed. So it came to pass that they gathered themselves together at the Inn called Rockbridge on the second and twentieth day of the second month, half-way between the going down of the sun and the rising thereof.

3. Here men-servants of Ethiopia ministered unto them with bottles of refrigerated "sperrits-of-cats-a-fightin'," as the poet hath termed it, or the Elixir of Jubilee.

4. Whereof the young men did drink and then smash the glasses into which it had been poured, being persuaded that they were of no further avail.

5. Thus it came about as the night wore on that the Good-bye Mouthpiece of the class arose and spake respecting Sheykh Michael, and essayed to provide an anathema for each day of the space between "Now and seventy years hence," only that within the space of the turning of the hour-glass he had not passed beyond the day before yesterday. So they took him up and set him without the door to run down.

6. Likewise others emulating his example stood upright, each for a very brief space, and uttered strange words on divers subjects—"responding to toasts," as it is called in the Koran.

7. Being sat once more, each of those present embraced his table-companion out of respect for the custom of the Romans.

8. *Alius Alii d dixit*, that is to say, some discoursed of Mohammed and others of the tribe of the Dijnn.

9. Thus they continued to make merry, standing on their heads on the tables and lying on their backs on the floor by turns;

10. Until the hour when the fourth watch of the night begins, or the space of the morning when the sire goose is minded to rouse his first-born with a kick in the ribs.

11. Then they got them forth into the street and told the inhabitants of the vicinity of Washington and Lee and a pet tiger, with his tail wrapped around the Symbol '06.

12. Which done, each faced about and described the nether branch of a lemniscate, seeking the place of his abode. Thus they did that their knowledge of Mathematics might be manifest to the hoot-owls.

13. Now all things other than these are of small import and are chronicled on the pages of the Ring Tum Phi.

14. Let him who readeth, read for instruction only and not with an eye single to the spelling of words and such like; for by so doing he will gather wisdom and his peace depart not from him.

Chapter III.

1. Now it is the custom for those of the greatest vexation of spirit to band themselves together in Brotherhoods; and they tie knots in the tail ends of their names and are stiff-necked without knowing why.

2. As for the rest, they are comprehended under the general name of The Rabble. For they have neither wealth nor reputation nor intellect nor comeliness such as those of the Brotherhoods have.

3. But it was the will of Satan that there should be yet other Brotherhoods; so certain of those whose superscriptions were yet lacking took counsel together and spat tobacco-juice fraternally in the same pot.

4. Being of the Seed of Ibrahim, and Saint Patrick, and Ferdinand, and one as any other man, even of the common people.

5. And of their number they choose two and send them forth upon the face of the earth to seek others like unto themselves.

6. And the twain betake themselves to the Northward and come to the most populous city of the land. *For there it is possible to find all things.*

7. Here they run transverse of those whom they seek and become of the Brotherhood. Then they disperse and one walketh along the street called Broadway.

8. And a gust ariseth and unseateth his derby and driveth it before him. Whereat he was exceeding glad and on his return spake thereof without ceasing; so that without boasting he did spread abroad the report of his journeying and awaken the envy of the vulgar.

9. Thus did it come to pass that the bunch were incorporated with due ceremony. Then they consult their wisdom-pans and demi-johns as to how they might persuade others.

10. And they come to one by night and sit on his bed and praise the shape of his trunk and the fragrance of his room.

11. And cast their arms about him and say—"Wilt thou not be with us and of us?" But he straightway began to make excuse, saying—"Nay but allow me to ponder the matter."

12. Then say they unto him—"See that thou speak not of this to any man: for it is privy to us and thee." And he answereth—"I hear and obey." But they pressed him, saying—"Swear." And he sware (*exceedingly.*)

13. But others they enticed; and they grow in numbers, in grace and in wisdom and multiply pictures without number.

ATHLETICS
W.L.C
'906

FOOTB L

Foot Ball Season of 1905.

THE fall of 1905 furnished to an admiring world at least two convincing examples of the superiority of science and nerve over mere material force. One of these was the victory of Japan over Russia; the other the record of the Washington and Lee football team. This record was as much of a surprise to us as to anyone else. Our prospects were far from bright when the season opened, but by dint of hard work and enthusiastic training, the team soon began to show its ability to play fast football. In the earlier games of the fall its speed and precision developed so rapidly that before the middle of the season it had won the right to be ranked among the best teams of the south, in spite of the fact that it averaged only 152 pounds.

Until the team took its first trip, however, none of its best work had been done. Having warmed up with Richmond College, we gave a severe jolt to the general expectation by defeating R. M. C. 16 to 0. It was at Blacksburg, however, that the pluckiest and most brilliant work of the season was done. V. P. I., as everyone knows, outweighed us some 28 pounds to the man, and, having already shown her right to be classed with the best American teams, expected rather an easy mark. It took only a few minutes of play to wake her up, for our line broke the rushes of the heavy backs, while our own backs, working together like clockwork, advanced the ball time after time. "Shack" Bagley, playing like a whirl-wind on both offense and defence, made the longest gains of the game. The ball was frequently in V. P. I.'s territory, and a score would probably have resulted but for unforeseen pieces of hard luck. V. P. I. succeeded in making only two touch-downs, the other score being made by a goal from the forty-yard line in a high wind.

The next week, at Raleigh, our much battered aggregation went up against a team that was equally as heavy as that of Blacksburg, and at that time probably much faster. Here, also, the team aroused the admiration of the on-lookers as exponents of the whirl-wind style of football The score was 21 to 0, for which Wilson of A. and M. was largely responsible.

In the final game of the season, the Varsity ran up 17 points against George Washington, and then laid off the second half to give the substitutes a chance. Too much credit can not be given to Mr. Brown, who made the team what it was. With a little heavy material from the freshman class the prospects for next season are alluring.

Oliver, Anderson, Moomaw, Bagley, Dotson,
Jemison, Osborne, Russell, Shelton, White, A. F. DeVane, Hoge,
Withers, Dow, Miller, Hamilton, White, H. M., Alderson
Rasin Rankin-Capt, Brown-Coach.

Football 1905

E. Rankin, ... *Captain*
R. R. Brown, ... *Coach*
"Bill" Allen, ... *Alumni Coach*
A. F. White, ... *Manager*

Line-up.

Miller, ... *Centre*
H. White, Hoge, ... *Left Guard*
Dow, ... *Right Guard*
Rankin (captain) . . . . . *Left Tackle*
Withers, ... *Right Tackle*
Jemison, Osborne, ... *Right End*
Alderson, Dotson, ... *Left End*
Rasin, ... *Quarter Back*
Moomaw, Russell, ... *Full Back*
T. O. Bagley, ... *Left Half*
Anderson, ... *Right Half*

Substitutes.

Hamilton
Shelton
DeVane
Pipes
C. Bagley
Oliver.

BASE BALL

Base Ball Season, 1905.

THE record of the Washington and Lee Team for the spring of 1905 was brilliantly erratic. Never was there a college team which varied so greatly in its playing: in all the games there was individual work of the very finest sort, but in some of the games, particularly those played away from home, there was a lack of team work, which sometimes resulted very disastrously.

Two of the games, those with West Virginia and V. P. I., are worthy to be classed with the best ever played on the home grounds. The West Virginia game we fully expected to lose, but owing to the steady pitching of Johnson and good support by the team, we won by the close score of 4 to 3. The game was won in the last half of the ninth when the score was 3 to 2 against us by a phenomenal batting rally off the great Groninger.

Soon after, we defeated the strong V. P. I. team in a game fought to a finish resulting in a score of 5 to 4.

The work of the outfield was almost flawless throughout the season, while the work of Johnson in the box and Trimble and Bagley in the infield is worthy of special notice.

As we go to press the team of 1906 has just played its first practice-game. There are too many factors of uncertainty in College baseball to justify a prediction under any circumstances. But we feel almost safe in saying that unless something "gangs agley" very seriously the record of this season should be even better than that of the famous championship team of 1904. The schedule is much more ambitious than heretofore and includes an extended Northern trip.

W&L
W&L

Baseball Team

Trimble, K. W.	*Captain*
Toms, L. A.	*Manager*
Brown, R. R.	*Coach*

Trimble, K. W.	*Catcher*
Johnson, N. F. Porter, H. D.	*Pitchers*
Luhn, W. R.	*First Base*
Bagley, T. O.	*Second Base*
Foard, W. C.	*Short Stop*
Anthony, J. W.	*Third Base*
Temple, H. G.	*Right Field*
Pipes, D. W.	*Center Field*
Johnson N F. Porter, H. D.	*Left Field*

Substitutes

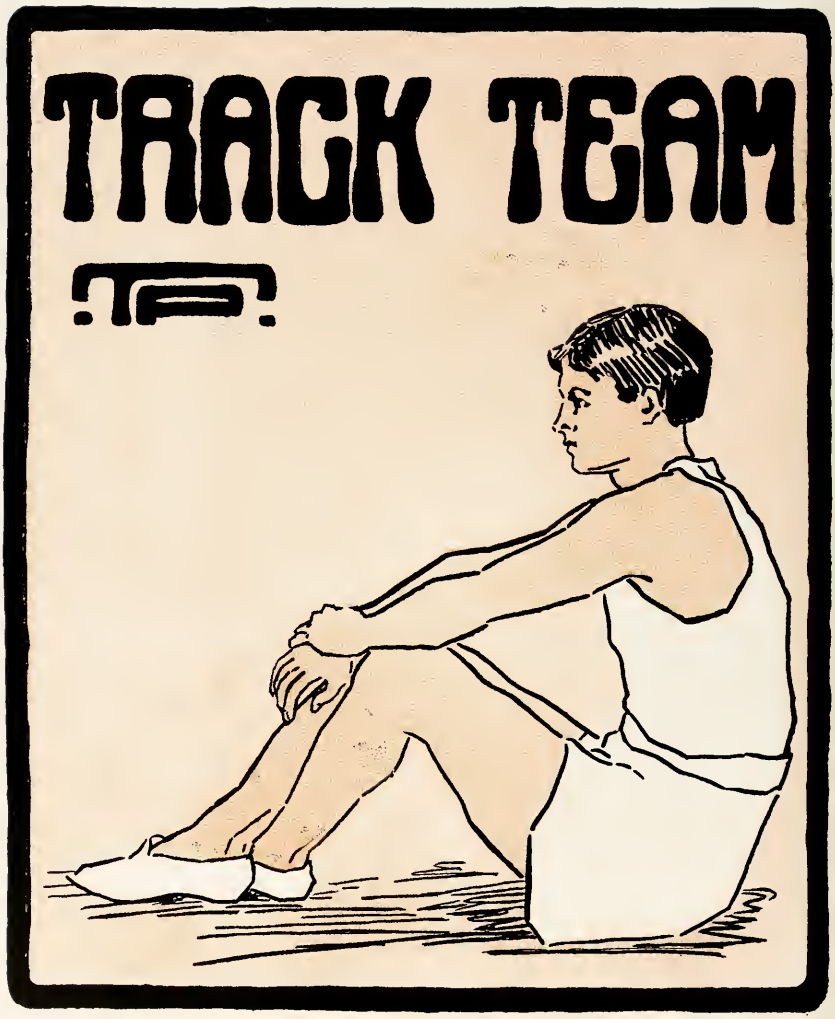
Dow, H. M.

Maxwell, R. E.

Hood, W. M.

Chatham, R. H.

TRACK TEAM



Track Team

FOR a number of years past, it has been the custom during the spring to have a day of field contests, but until the present year, Washington and Lee has taken part in none of the intercollegiate meets; in fact, until the last year or two, there have been none in the South worthy of the name The development of this branch of athletics at Washington and Lee is important, for it supplies another chance for wholesome exercise of the sort that developes the staying powers which will be needed later on. Owing to the absence of an adequately prepared track, advance in this department will of course be slow, but from the enthusiasm of the present members, and the devoted work of Dr. Bitzer, great results may be expected. Track work furnishes one of the best opportunities which a small college has of success in athletics, and should receive the encouragement and support of authorities, students and alumni.

In order that track athletics may continue to advance, the completion of the proposed enlargement and improvement of Wilson Field must come at an early date. The plans proposed will give us a first class running track in addition to other sorely needed improvements. In order that these plans may be carried out immediately, a special call for alumni aid has been sent out which should be heartily responded to by every loyal Washington and Lee man.

This spring Washington and Lee will be represented at several important meets and the prospects for a creditable showing are more than gratifying. A surprising number of good men have shown up in the Freshman class, including some four or five who have good Preparatory School records, and at least one Southern record has been bettered in practice already.

Track Team.

H. R. Morse (*Capt.*)	Low and High Hurdles
D. W. M. McClure	Half Mile
W. E. Offut	Two Mile
C. F. Bagley J. M. E. Sullivan	Quarter Mile
R. L. Hutton	Mile
W. W. Oliver	100 yds, 220 yds.
D. L. Anderson	High and Broad Jumps. Pole vault

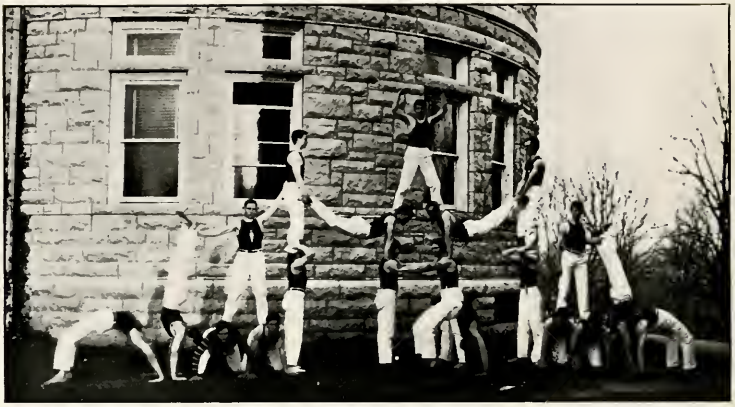
Note. At the Charlottesville Meet, April 21, Anderson established a new Southern record for the Pole Vault.

EXERCISE

Gymnasium Team

INTEREST in gymnasium work indicates more clearly than anything else whether a man really cares for his physical development or is drawn to athletics by the love of sport and desire for college honors. Even before Washington and Lee had attained the dignity of a salaried physical director, the work done in the gymnasium was of the first class. In recent years, the annual exhibitions have been among the most interesting of college contests, and in all the meets in which Washington and Lee has taken part her representatives have so far come out ahead.

Too much can not be said of Dr. Bitzer's faithful and efficient work, for it is largely upon this that the excellence of the result depends. Finally, let us say that the building of a really up to date and well equipped gymnasium would incalculably increase the usefulness of Washington and Lee to her students. "The efficieney of the university training depends upon the triple factors, mind, spirit and body; full development of no one of these can result unless proper conditions are supplied."



Gymnasium Team.

D. E. Pruit, *Capt.* A. M. Withers, *Mgr.*

S. B. M. Ghiselin E. R. Taylor W. K. Ramsey

Frank McCutchan, Jr. C. P. Light R. P. Bledsoe

J. H. Larrick W. R. Hudson H. W. Withers

A. R. Larrick A. R. Hutson W. R. Cooper

H. N. Clendenning R. B. Pruit.

BOAT CREW

Albert Sidney Boat Club.

Colors:
Royal Blue.

Club Officers.

Withers, H. W.	*President*	Miles, G. H.	*Secretary*
Hobson, C. N.	*Vice-President*	Toms, L. A.	*Treasurer*

Crew Committee.

H. W. Withers, G. H. Miles, C. N. Hobson,

Crew of 1905.

Withers, H. W., *Stroke*,	Abingdon, Va.
McCreery, H. M., *No.* 3.,	Hinton, W. Va.
Hoge, E. C., *No.* 2.,	Washington, D. C.
Riser, Wm. F., *No.* 1.,	Birmingham, Ala.
Miles, Geo. H., *Coxswain*,	Marion, Va.

Members.

Alderson, E. L.
Allen, H.
Anderson, D. L.
Anderson, H.
Beitel, J. J.
Brown, R. A.
Burnett, H. P.
Caperton, G. H. Jr.
Collins, L. M.
Cooper, W. R.
Claude, J. W.
Crawford, F. R.
Deaver, M. C.
Dotson, F. T.
Dow, H. M.
Fleming, S.
Forney, A. K.
Godwin, J. M.
Gravely, J. S.
Griffith, A. E
Hobson, C. N.
Hobson, J. P. Jr.
Hoge, E. C.
Hoge, W. L.
Holtz, A. S.
Houser, A. A.
Humphreys, E. S.
Hynson, R. W.
Lippitt, M. I.
Long, J. S.
Luhn, W. R.
Lazarus, M. L.
Lybrand, A. W.
Manly, B. M.
Marquess, W. H. Jr.
McCoy, Wm. A.
McCreery, H. M.
McCrum, C. M.
McMurran, W. R.
Miles, G. H.
Miles, V. M.
Moomaw, H. M.
Nelson, W. H. S.
Norfleet, J. P
Nottingham, J. L.
Ordeman, H. W.
Page, R. L.
Pendleton, E. M.
Peters, M. J.
Phillips, S. L. Jr.
Pruit, D. E.
Railing, W. F.
Riser, W. F.
Rowan, C. L.
Scott, J. E.
Semple, W. F.
Spindle, R. B. Jr.
Stephenson, R. B.
Steves, A. Jr.
Steves, E. M.
Stone, T. G.
Terry I. H.
Thomas, W. C.
Toms, L. A.
Trimble, K. W.
Walker, K.
Withers, A. M.
Withers, H. W.
Witten, L. C.

Harry Lee Crew—Winners 1905.

Harry Lee Boat Club

"The Red"

Officers

White, A. F., ... *President*
Dunlap, Walter H., ... *Vice-President*
Desha, L. J. . . . . *Secretary & Treasurer*
Light, C. P. . . . . *Historian*

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ree! Ree!
Harry Lee!!

Honorary Members

White, Miss Annie Joe *Sponsor*
Humphreys, Prof. D. C., *Crew of '78.*
Crow, Dr. C. L.,
Nelson, Prof. A. L.
Latane, Dr. J. H.

Roll

Adams, C. R.
Anthony, J. W.
Batten, G. O.
Bledsoe, R. P.
Bohannon, S.
Borchardt, B. F.
Bryant, L. P.
Campbell, J. L.
Chandler, A. H.
Clendenning, H. N.
Collins, P. E.
Copenhaver, A. M.
Davis, S.
Denman, K. W.
DeVane, D. A.
Dodd, R. A.
Dunn, W. R. J.
Dulaney, F.
Durrance, F. M.
Faulk, N. F.
Forrer, J. J.
Gassman, H. W.
Glasgow, C. S
Glass, R. C
Gordon, L. C.
Gott, E. F.
Green, C. L.
Gwathmey, D. L.
Hardy, P. H.
Higginbotham, B. M.
Hill, T. D.
Hood, W. W.
Larrick, A. R.
Lawson, W. E.
McCluer, D. W.
Mackwood, H. L.
McCulloch, J.
McCutchan, F.
McGill, E. H.
Miller, A. I.
Minetree, C. M.
Moore, G.
Morse, H. R.
Munce, J. G.
Murrey, J. W.
Newton, J. G.
Nottingham, J. L.
Oliver, W W.
Osburn, C. S.
Page, H. M.
Powell, R. E.
Price, O. R.
Ratcliffe, E. H.
Ray, S. M.
Ray, W. A.
Robinson, R.
Smithson, M. D.
Stedman, B.
Sullivan,
Taylor, E. R.
Tutwiler, W. S
Wightman, T. L

Crew of 1905

Payne, L. C., *Stroke.*
Miller, A. I., *No.* 3.
Light, C. P., *No.* 2.
Minetree, G. P., *No.* 1.
Smith, B. T., *Coxswain.*

CLUBOG
TENNIS

Tennis Club.

Campbell, C. N. . . . . *President*
Jones, W. E. . . . . *Vice-President*
Pipes, D. W. Jr. . . . . *Secretary & Treasurer*

Members.

W. R. Hudson
R. B. Spindle
D. W. Pipes, Jr.
C. N. Campbell
W. E. Jones
J. W. Eggleston
E. P. Hunter
H. G. Temple
G. H. Miles
B. M. Manly
F. R. Crawford
C. N. Hobson
J. S. Gravely
A. F. White
A. M. Withers
W. R. McMurran
L. A. McMurran
A. W. Rutan
H. W. Phillips
E. R. Cover
L. A. Toms
H. A. Axleroth
LeRoy Cooper
W. R. Cooper
M. R. Turnbull
W. R. Bledsoe
F. Bartenstein
C. S. Glasgow
W. C. Thomas
H. W. Gassman

1903 Winners.

Doubles.

Hunter, E. P. Pipes, D. W. Jr.

Singles.

Pipes, D. W. Jr

Football

T. O. Bagley, Jr.
F. T. Dotson
J. C. Hamilton
V. M. Miles
Hoge, E. A. C.
H. M. Moomaw
J. E. Quisenberry
E. Rankin
Steves, A. Jr., *Manager.*

A. I. Miller
H. M. White
H. M. Dow
S. Jemison
E. L. Alderson
M. Rasin
J. W. Russell
D. L. Anderson
White, A. F., *Manager.*
Withers, H. W.

Baseball

D. W. Pipes, Jr.
N. F. Johnson
K. W. Trimble
J. L. Wysor

H. G. Temple
H. D. Porter
R. E. Maxwell
T. O. Bagley

Track Team

T. O. Bagley
H. R. Morse

J. R. Switzer
D. M. McCluer

Gymnasium Team

H. W. Withers

Tennis

W. R. Hudson

D. W. Pipes, Jr.

A. F. White

Boat Crew

H. W. Withers
W. F. Riser
E. A. C. Hoge
H. M. McCreery

C. P. Light
G. M. Minetree
A. I. Miller
B. T. Smith
G. H. Miles

SECRET SOCIETIES

Virginia Beta Chapter

of the

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity,

Founded 1852.

Colors—Pink and Lavender.

Active Chapters, 42. Alumni Chapters, 29

Fratres in Urbe.

Anderson, Gen. Wm. A.
Irwin, W. P.
Coe, Frank D.
Moore, John H.
Poague, Col. W. T.

Fratres in Facultate.

Quarles, Dr. James A.
Hogue, Prof. Addison

Fratres in Collegio.

W. R. Bledsoe
Kelley W. Trimble
F. R. Crawford
Julian S. Gravely
Montague L. Lippitt
Frederick F. Millsaps
Harvey Allen
J. Wright Russell
Henry M. Baker
Robert H. Crews
H. M. Dow
J. W. Addison

Alpha Chapter, Kappa Alpha.

Founded at Washington and Lee University, in 1865.

Fratres in Urbe.

Col. E. W. Nichols
Col. F. B. Mallory
Col. N. B. Tucker
Col. H. C. Ford
Dr. J. H. Campbell
W. Z. Johnstone
Capt. I. B. Johnson
Capt. R. Ragland
Capt. W. W. LaPrade
Capt. M. B. Course
G. D. Letcher
A. T. Barclay, Jr.

Fratres in Facultate.

Latané, Dr. J. H.
Long, Prof. J. R.

Fratres in Collegio.

Academic.

Albert Steves, Jr.
D. W. Pipes, Jr.
F. P. May, Jr.
J. L. Campbell, Jr.
J. J. Beitel
F. A. Daingerfield, Jr.

Engineering.

Caperton, G. H., Jr.
Cooper, LeRoy
Gwathmey, D. L.

Law.

Shields, B. B.
Wickham, J. H.
Moreland, W. H.

Zeta Chapter of Sigma Phi.

Founded at Miami University, 1855.

Colors – Blue and Old Gold.

Frater in Facultate.

Denny, Dr. George H

In Urbe.

Southall, Dr T. B.

Fratres in Collegio.

Edmund P. Hunter
Henry G. Temple
Louis P. Bryant, Jr.
Walter N. Bootay

Phi Gamma Delta

Zeta Deuteron Chapter

Founded in 1848 at Washington and Jefferson

Active Chapters, 58

Fratres in Facultate

CURRELL, DR. W. S.

HUMPHREYS, PROF. D. C.

Fratres in Collegio

M. R. TURNBULL
R. P. BLEDSOE
B. M MANLY
C. S. GLASGOW
S. DAVIS
W. W. OLIVER
J. F. KUCK
F. M. DURRANCE
R. E. POWELL

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Virginia Sigma Chapter

Established in 1868

Active Chapters, 67. Alumni Chapters, 34.

Fratres in Urbe

McElwee, W. M. Graham, F. L.

Fratres in Collegio

W. R. J. Dunn
Sorsby Jemison
Walter M. Hood
Jefferson Cole
Robert Moore
Cherubusco Newton, Jr.
Thomas C. Newton
Emmett Rankin
Fred Dulaney
Elliott Vawter
James C. Hamilton
Walter H. Dunlap
George H. Miles
Vincent M. Miles

Kappa Sigma

Mu Chapter

Established 1873

Active Chapters, 70. Alumni Chapters, 27

Fratres in Urbe

Owen, R. L. Watts, Capt. C. W.

Fratres in Collegio

A. F. White
A. Beitle, Jr.
J. M. Dyer
J. W. Eggleston
S. D. Eggleston
P. P. Glass
T. B. Hubbard
R. W. Hynson
D. S. MacDonald
John Pilkington, Jr.
M. W. Sheafe, Jr.
P. B. Spindle
E. M. Steves
R. M. Strassel
Knox Walker
R. E. Witt
C. S. Osburn

Sigma Nu.

Founded in 1869.

Lamda Chapter,

Established 1882.

Frater in Urbe.

JACK PRESTON.

Fratres in Collegio.

M. G. RASIN
H. W. PHILLIPS
C. M. MCCRUM
J. T. MCCRUM
R. H. CHATHAM
R. H. HAGOOD
J. W. MITCHELL
O. R. PRICE
R. S. HUTCHESON
H. C. TILLMAN
P. W. TURNER

Phi Delta Theta

Virginia Zeta Chapter

Founded 1848

Active Chapters, 69. Alumni Chapters, 59.

Fratres in Urbe

Walker, Capt. S. B. Pendleton, Dr. Hunter

Fratres in Collegio

T. O. Bagley
C. F. Bagley
C. B. Bagley, Jr.
George McPh. Minetree
John S. Long
W. F. Semple
G. W. Preston Whip
F. N. Harrison
Waller McBryde

Pi Kappa Alpha,

Pi Chapter.

Founded at University of Virginia.

Colors—Garnet and Gold.

Fratres in Collegio.

H. Anderson
L. A. Anderson
L. A. McMurran
W. R. McMurran
H. M. Moomaw
W. E. Jones
J. L. Wysor
L. C. Witten
C. M. Hanna
B. S. Saunders
S. Fleming

Alpha-Alpha Chapter, Phi Kappa Sigma.

Founded at the University of Pennsylvania, 1850.

Colors—Black and Old Gold.

Fratres in Urbe.

Moore, Frank
Moore, John A
Spencer, Chas. F.
White, O. B.

Fratres in Collegio.

C. N. Campbell
John McCulloch
L. J. Desha
R. B. Stephenson
F. G. Jones
P. E. Collins
A. P. Staples, Jr.
L. C. Gordon
S. H. Staples
J. W. Anthony
A. H. Chandler
M. M. Givens
I. P. Gassman
D. A. DeVane
J. G. Munce
W. E. Lawson, Jr.

Delta Tau Delta

Phi Chapter

Colors – Purple, White and Gold

Active Chapters, 47. Alumni Chapters, 17.

Frater in Facultate

FARRAR, T. J.

Fratres in Urbe

HYATT, H. E. SHIELDS, E. S.

Fratres in Collegio

J. R. CASKIE
H. W. WITHERS
W. H. HOGE
L. P. HOLLAND
D. L. ANDERSON
W. H. MARQUESS
A. M. WITHERS
R. B. PRUIT
D. E. PRUIT
R. A. BROWN
W. K. RAMSEY
B. T. SMITH

Delta Sigma Phi

Stonewall Chapter

Established 1905

Founded New York University 1901

Colors—Nile Green and White Flowers—White Carnations

Fratres in Collegio

Law

Caraballo, Martin P. Jr.,	Fla
Stern, Leonard M.,	Ark.
Flannagan, John W.,	Va.
Grossboll, Powell J.,	Ill.
Walzer, Bernard R.,	Fla.
Axleroth, Harry R.,	Penn.
Burnett, Henry P.,	Va.

Engineering

Terry, Isaac H.,	Va.
Lazarus, Morton L.,	Va.

Academic

Schwabe, Clarence A.,	W. Va.
Claudy, William J.,	Md.

P.A.M.O.L.A.
R.Y.E.
Σ

Sigma

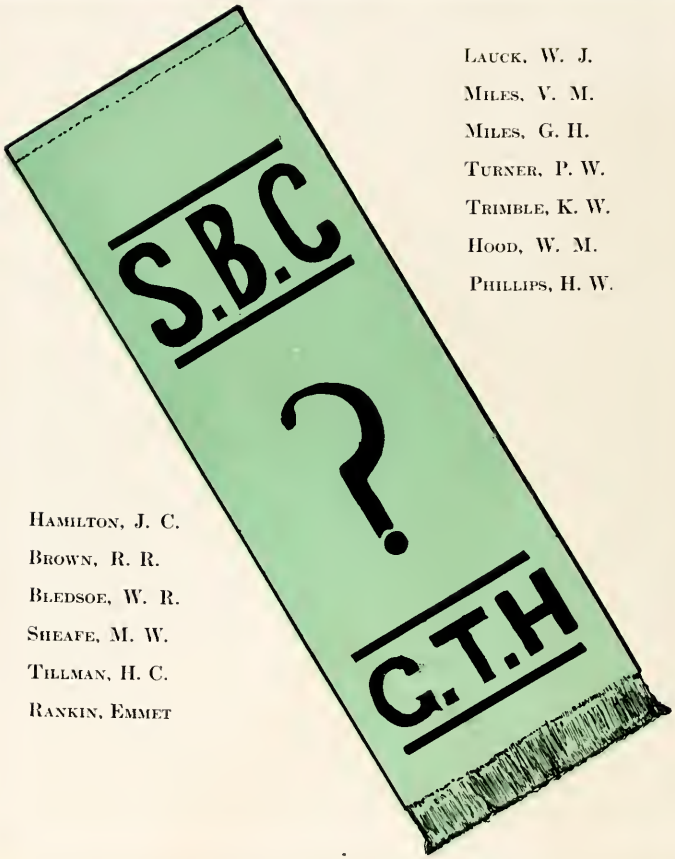
In Facultate

W. J. Lauck.

In Collegio

D. W. Pipes
T. O. Bagley Jr.
E. P. Hunter
B. B. Shields
W. R. Bledsoe
J H. Wickham
L. P. Bryant
K. W. Trimble
J. L. Campbell, Jr.
H. Allen

C. F. Bagley
H. Anderson
H. G. Temple
A. Steves, Jr.
C. B. Bagley
H. M. Moomaw
C. N. Hanna
D. L. Anderson
C. N. Campbell
M. W. Sheafe



Lauck, W. J.

Miles, V. M.

Miles, G. H.

Turner, P. W.

Trimble, K. W.

Hood, W. M.

Phillips, H. W.

Hamilton, J. C.

Brown, R. R.

Bledsoe, W. R.

Sheafe, M. W.

Tillman, H. C.

Rankin, Emmet

K
Phillips Dulaney
Hagood Newton
Hood Davis
Chatham

Theta Nu Epsilon

Omicron Chapter

W. R. Bledsoe
D. W. Pipes, Jr.
K. W. Trimble
H. G. Temple
B. B Shields
C. F. Bagley
H. M. Moomaw
H. W. Phillips
W. M. Hood
L. P. Bryant
Leroy Cooper
Harvey Allen

C. B. Penn
T. O. Bagley, Jr.
E. P. Hunter
A. F. White
A. Steves, Jr.
C. N. Campbell
C. M. McCrum
P. W. Turner
G. H. Miles
C. B. Bagley
J. H. Wickham
J. W. Russell

H. M. Dow

In Facultate

W. J. Lauck

In Urbe

R. L Owen

ONE

The Halcyon Days

BEFORE me lies your picture, one
That does you ample justice, done
In tints by Miley, Lexington,
In Eighteen Eighty.
You seem'd not more than twenty, then.
Perhaps I missed by eight or ten—
At least the past years must have been
Somewhat more weighty.

Your lips were tender, rich and red;
I lik'd the way you held your head;
Your rosy cheeks—I think I said
Something of "peaches."
I think I liken'd your dark eyes
To "stars that gemm'd the summer skies—
So callow Youth will make unwise,
Exuberant speeches.

I wrote you verses—many a line
Declar'd you "Princess," "Queen divin. "
Laid "at your feet" this "heart of mine."
In stanzas clever.
I car'd not for the "poet's bays,"
Content with only your "dear praise"—
Ah me, ah me, the halcyon days
Are gone forever.

Ah, kindly friend of long ago,
You were so true, so gentle, tho'
Mov'd as you must have been, I know,
To frequent laughter;
I, gazing at your photograph,
Compose my lost youth's epitaph
And o'er mine ancient fervor laugh—
These long years after.

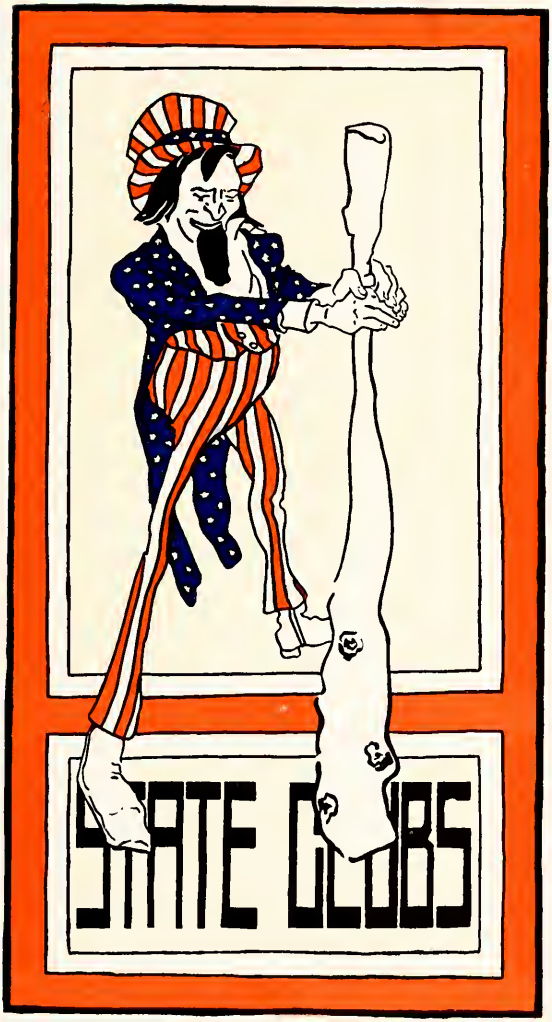
'Twas but a "passing whim"—a few
Brief months "would cure the fever"—you
Would be "forgotten" in some new
Romantic passion.
You were more sane than I—and yet
I own to something like regret.
I did not, as you thought, forget
In graceless fashion.

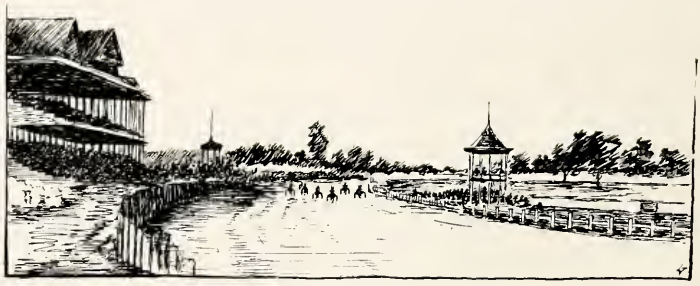
I have not seen you since. You went
Down your predestined paths, content.
I hope that oftener o'er you bent
June than December.
I hope your sunless days came not
Oftener than is the common lot.
Altho' it may be you forgot—
I yet remember.

What pleasures had you to assauge
The gradual pangs of growing age?
Long since you turn'd the final page
Of life's brief story.
Who miss the vanish'd fingers deft?
Who walk in loneliness, bereft?
For me, upon the past you left
A touch of glory.

Ah, well; I have grown old; romance
Grows prosier as the years advance;
Yet, in some weary hours, perchance,
Of dull heart-hunger,
With ghosts of hopes I fail'd to win
Ideals of my dead youth drift in
And dreams of that which might have been—
Had you been younger!

—W. H. F.


STATE CLUBS



Kentucky Club.

COLORS:

Moonshine and Lead.

YELL:

Hi! Hi! Hi!
Rock and Rye,
Bluegrass Country,
Kaintucki!

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

C. R. PILKINGTON, ... *President*
L. J. DESHA, ... *Vice-President*
W. L. LORD, ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

SECOND TERM.

SUMMERS DAVIS, ... *President*
JOHN PILKINGTON JR., ... *Vice-President*
J. P. HOBSON, JR . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Roster of Colonels

Col. V. S. Beatty
Col. C. C. Crockett
Col. Summers Davis
Col. F. A. Daingerfield, Jr.
Col. L. J. Desha
Col. J. M. Dyer
Col. Wm. L. Hoge
Col. C. N. Hobson
Col. J. P. Hobson
Col. W. L. Lord
Col. D. M. Maddox
Col. W. H. Marquess
Col. H. S. McGuire
Col. C. R. Pilkington
Col. Jno. Pilkington, Jr.
Col. R. S. Sanders
Col. R. M. Strassel
Col. H. S. Holloway

Colonel in Facultate

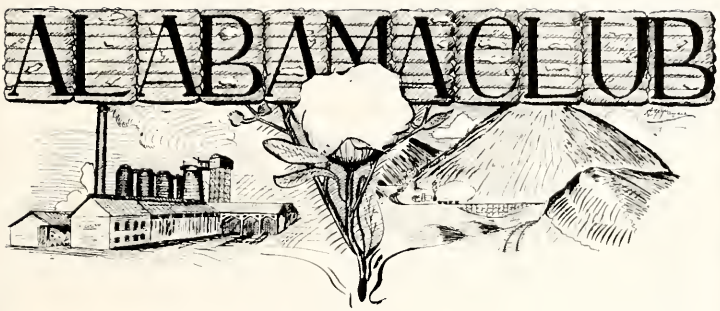
Col. James Lewis Howe.

Honorary Colonels

Col. Henry Watterson
Judge James H. Mulligan
Col. Bennett H. Young.

Florida Club

Collins, DeVane, Borchardt, Sapp, Shields, Herzog, May, Caraballo, Givens, Walzer, Diamond, Durrance



Officers

T. B. Hubbard, ... *President*
D. R. Bell, ... *Vice-President*
W. F. Riser, ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

D. R. Bell — W. R. Cooper — G. J. Dominick
W. R. J. Dunn — S. M. Engelhardt — R. H. Hagood
W. M. Hood — T. B. Hubbard — Sorsby Jemison
E. C. Nix — L. C. Pope — W. F. Riser
J. J. D. Rodgers — G. S. Rodgers — P. W. Turner

Shenandoah Valley Club.

Shenandoah Valley Club.

Pres. Wisman—Club please come to order. Will some member state the object of the meeting?

Engle—We wish to discuss the advisability of serving "booze" at the next banquet.

Switzer—I move, Mr. President, that we have a good old round of "booze," and make things as lively as possible. (Great applause)

Faulkner—As much as I am opposed to procedure, still I believe that the dignity of the Club demands that I second the motion. (More applause)

Pres. Wisman—Any discussion of this motion?

Big Larrick—(president of the Y. M. C. A.) I heartily advocate the carrying of this motion, Mr. President. We should have booze, and I will use my influence to have the best booze.

A. I. Miller—Gentlemen, You all know the stand I take in regard to such matters, and I now vehemently oppose any such measures. Booze makes men sour.

"*S. B.*" *Phillips*—Booze didn't make me sour. (applause)

(A page enters with a letter)

Pres. Wisman—(reading)

"Gentlemen of the Shenandoah Valley Club:

The advocation of wine for your banquet is diametrically opposed to the sacred traditions of your valley. I trust that the president will use his influence to discourage the use of wine on the occasion of your banquet. Respectfully, Geo. H. Denny."

Pres. Wisman (to page) — Tell the doctor that we are upholding traditions. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?

A. I. Miller—Great minds run in the same channel.

Big Larrick—Gentlemen, if we do not have booze, I am not coming to the banquet.

Engle—Fellows, I am afraid of Old Mike. I would like to add an amendment to Mr. Switzer's motion: That we don't have a drop of booze. (Pandemonium on rear seats)

Faulkner—I think that there should be a limit to the number of glasses we shall have. Suppose we vote not more than eight glasses to a man. (Hearty applause; the house shakes.)

Question put; Switzer's motion unanimously carried.

Pres. Wisman—The Club is adjourned.

Tennessee Club

LEE SMITH, ... *President*

FRANK MCCUTCHAN, JR. . . . . *Vice-President*

KNOX WALKER, ... *Treasurer*

C. I. DWIGGINS

J. W. MURREY

D. R. RHEA

N. D. SMITHSON

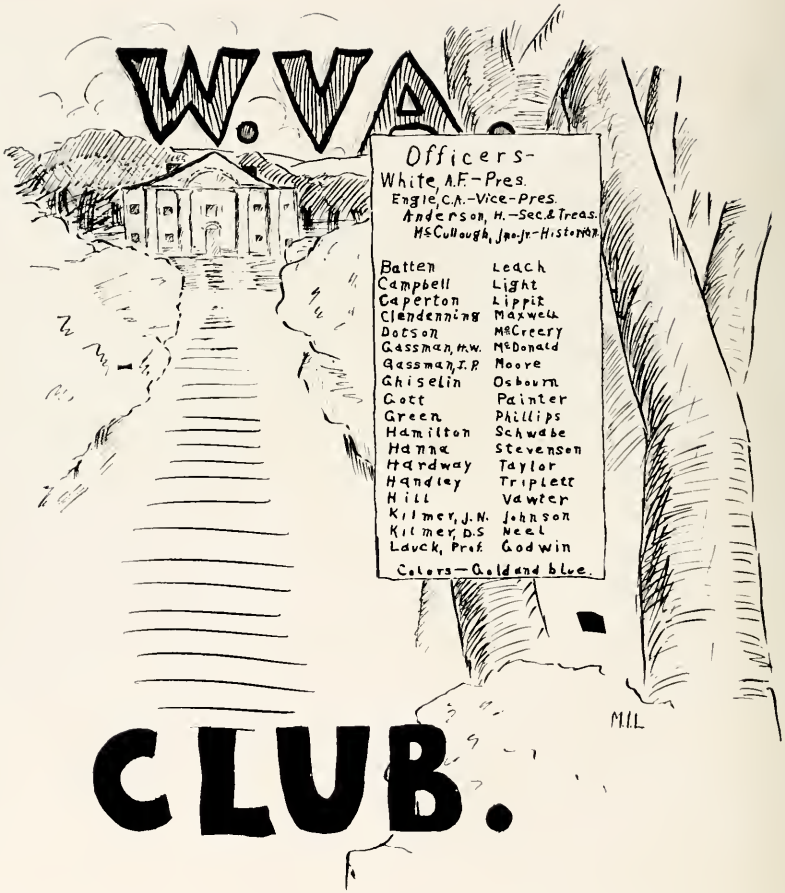
A. S. KEEBLER.

Maryland Club

W. F. Railing, ... *President*
L. A. Toms, ... *Vice-President*
E. H. Deets, ... *Treasurer*

Roll

Alderson, E. L.	Baltimore
Claudy, J. W.	Baltimore
Benson, T. B.	Grafton
Doub, W. N.	Beaver Creek
Gabriel, G. C.	Cearfoss
Holtz, A. S.	Thurmont
Hunter, E. P.	Bel Air
Hutson, A. R.	Rawling
Luhn, W. R.	Poolesville
Miller, H. W.	Hagerstown
Offutt, W. E.	Sellman
Orderman, H. W.	Frederick
Robinson, A. T.	Brandywine
Roeser, E. B.	Cambridge
Weinberg, Leo	Frederick
Whip, G. W. P.	Frederick
Raisin, M. G.	Baltimore
Zentmeyer, J. D.	Half Way


W.V.A.
Officers-
White, A.F.-Pres.
Engle, C.A.-Vice-Pres.
Anderson, H.-Sec.& Treas.
McCullough, Jno.Jr-Historian.
Batten
Campbell
Caperton
Clendenning
Dotson
Gassman, H.W.
Gassman, J.P.
Ghiselin
Gott
Green
Hamilton
Hanna
Hardway
Handley
Hill
Kilmer, J.N.
Kilmer, D.S
Lauck, Prof.
Leach
Light
Lippit
Maxwell
McCreery
McDonald
Moore
Osborn
Painter
Phillips
Schwabe
Stevenson
Taylor
Triplett
Vawter
Johnson
Neel
Godwin
Colors-Gold and blue.
M.I.L.
CLUB.

SOUTH DAKOTA CLUB.

Officers

M. W. Sheafe, Jr.,	*President*
C. R. Firey,	*Vice-President*
Carl R. Firey,	*Secretary*
Mark W. Sheafe, Jr.,	*Treasurer*

Membership

Sheafe, Mark Wentworth, Jr.,	Watertown, S. D.
Firey, Carl Roswell,	Aberdeen, S. D.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI-CLUB.
"Go West Young Man and Grow Up With The Country."

Trans-Mississippi Club

Officers

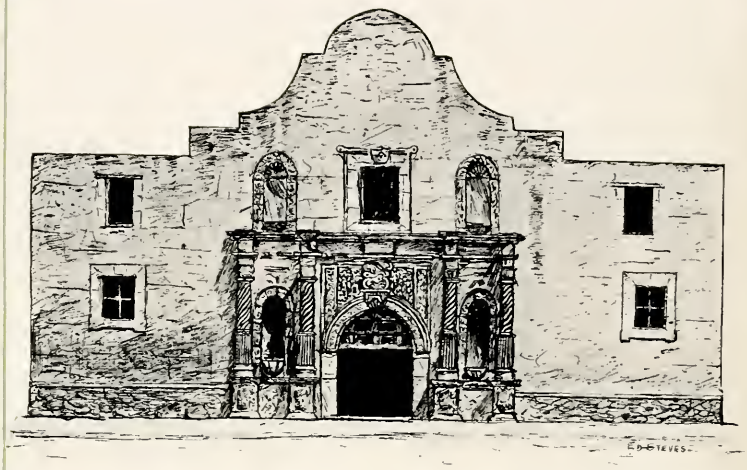
W. F. Semple,
T. N. Havlin, } . . . . . *President*
W. A. Ray, ... *Vice-President*
D. E. Pruit, }
E. G. Moore, } . . . . . *Secretary*
L. M. Stern, }
E. M. Steves, } . . . . . *Treasurer*

Roll

Honorary Member

Dr. Jas. A. Quarles, Mo.

Beitle, Albert Jr.,	Texas	Sullivan, J. E.	Ark
Birkhead, Ora E.	Mo.	Beitel, J. J.	Texas
Collins, L. M.	Ark.	Cole, J. D.	La.
Crews, R. H.	N. M.	Cooper, LeRoy	Mo.
Denman, K. J.	Texas	Dale, Jno. R.	Ark.
Faulk, W. F.	Texas	Dow, H. M.	N. M.
Gordon, L. C.	Mo.	Firey, C. R.	S. D
Hill, T. D.	Texas	Havlin, T. N.	Mo.
Millsaps, F. F.	La.	McGill, E. H.	Ark.
Moore, E. G.	I. T.	Moore, R. D.	La.
Newton, T. C.	La.	Newton, C. Jr.,	La.
Pruit, D. E.	N. M.	Oliver, W. W.	Mo.
Ramsey, W. K.	Ark.	Pruit, R. B.	N. M.
Ray, W. A.	Texas	Ray, S. M.	Texas
Sheafe, M. W., Jr.,	So. Dak.	Stern, L. M.	Ark.
Steves, A. Jr.,	Texas	Steves, E. M.	Texas



San Antonio Club

Honorary Member

HAYDEN, JAS. L. M. C.

BEITEL, ALBERT JR.,	315 Belvin St.
BEITEL, JESSE J.	315 Belvin St.
NEWTON, JESSE T.	409 Marshall St.
STEVES, ED. M.	431 King William St.
STEVES, ALBERT JR.,	504 King William St.

Rockingham Club

Hopkins, Forrer, Chandler, Cover, Moore,
Wampler, Dutrow, Switzer, Price, Effinger

Randolph-Macon Academy Club.

Anthony. Switzer. Markwood. Neel. Cover. Crabill.
Wightman McCoy. Griffith, (Pres.) Deets. Page.

Shenandoah Valley Academy Alumni Club

Organized, 1905

Motto

"Labor omnia vincit."

Colors

Crimson and Green.

The Shenandoah Valley Academy Alumni Club was organized in October, 1905, and its membership is composed of former students of the Shenandoah Valley Academy, of Winchester, Va., who are now attending the academic, engineering, and law departments of Washington and Lee University. Clubs are numerous, and their purposes are even more so. In most of them the social element predominates; so it is in the Shenandoah Valley Academy Club. But all do not realize the importance of enshrining "the light of other days" in the temple of memory or of regulating the conduct of their members by the principles of Bohemian conviviality and Parisian *bon homme*. Such are the tenets of this organization.

Socii in Collegio

Larrick, J. H.	*President*
Clendening, H. N.	*Vice-President*
Larrick, A. R.	*Secretary*
Ghiselin, Morrison	*Treasurer*
Faulkner, J. O.	*Historian*
Crawford, F. R.	*Chaplain*
Clarke, B. E.	*Keeper of the Goat*
Robinson, Roy	*Club Attorney*
Baker, H. M.	*Sergeant-at-arms*
Cather, T. R.	*Reporter*
Nelson, W. S.	*Librarian*

Socius in Facultate

Kern, Dr. James William	*Physical Director*

Lexington High School Alumni

Officers

R. E. Witt, ... *President*
C. S. Glasgow, ... *Vice-President*
J. P. Irwin . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

R. P. Bledsoe
O. C. Jackson
W. R. Cooper
J. T. McCrum
C. S. Glasgow
J. E. Quisenberry
J. P. Irwin
H. M. White
W. P. Irwin
L. C. Champe
C. M. McCrum
R. McE. Firebaugh
E. K. Paxton
R. L. Hutton
W. R. Shields
J. L. Campbell, Jr.
L. K. Koontz
M. C. Deaver
R. L. Page
B. M. Higginbotham
R. J. Reveley
E. S. Humphreys
R. E. Witt

College Types

The Darling

Behold the pride of every ball,
Of every rival's suit the bane,—
His greatest work 's to bear a fan,
His greatest crime to tear a train.

The Foot-Ball Hero

If apparel should proclaim the man,
As sung in Homer's sanguine story,
Would seem a tale of Sunday-school
Beside this hero's record gory.

The Poet

Our worthy friend the litterateur
So gentle, peaceful, and demure;
His appearance gives his works the lie
So fear him when he cometh nigh,—
His manuscripts more deadly are
Than all the armaments of war.

The Sport

The bar'brous wars and dreadful fields,
As "Old Bill Shake" hath said,
The brazen tone of this youth's "duds"
Would waken half the dead.

Officers

J. H. Larrick, ... *President*
M. R. Turnbull, ... *Vice-President*
C. A. Engle, ... *Secretary*
F. R. Crawford, ... *Treasurer*

Chairman of Committee

W. R. Cooper, ... *Membership*
M. R. Turnbull, ... *Bible Study*
C. A. Engle, ... *Missionary*
F. R. Crawford, ... *Cuban Fund*
A. R. Larrick, ... *Finance*
J. W. Addison, ... *Reception*
W. L. Hoge, ... *Hand Book*

Devotional

W. L. Hoge, ... *Sunday Evening*
R. M. Firebaugh, ... *Friday Night*

Y. M. C. A. at Washington and Lee

The association of this institution has just passed the forty-first milestone of its career. Its illustrious beginning, when General Lee and a small body of other praying men assembled each Friday evening for Christian service, gave it an impetus which has been everlasting. Each year, renewed interest is manifested in the several phases of Y. M. C. A. work, and Washington and Lee men are realizing more and more that the Association Hall is the Church of our University. It is here that the stand is taken for all that is good; there is no specialization, if a man is a good student, the Y. M. C. A. encourages him to become a better one; if he be inclined toward athletics, it would inspire him to physical proficiency whether it be in the gymnasium, or upon the Athletic field; if he be a Christian, excellent opportunities are given to use his influence among those who are less fortunate, and if he be not a follower of Christ, the active members use their prayers and influence to win him from his unfortunate channel.

The Association is well organized to meet all spiritual demands. The Bible Study department furnishes rare opportunities for spiritual knowledge. The classes meet to suit the convenience of those concerned and are lead by capable and sincere Bible students. There are also three Mission Classes, in which men are kept in touch with past and present Mission work in all parts of the world. As a result of this phase of Association work, there are now five student volunteers, and they meet each Wednesday night for prayer and advanced Mission study.

The Ministerial Band, which is composed of all candidates for the Christian ministry, meets twice a month, and at these meetings, two members have prepared papers, treating of the most felt spiritual needs of ministerial students. The many mission points of the county are largely filled by the members of this band..

The greatest advancement of the year in Y. M. C. A. work has been in the fruitful efforts to secure a local college secretary. The work is now being pushed with untiring energy, and all the requirements of this long felt need have about been met. The new secretary will come in contact with all our college men, and brilliant results are anticipated

At Sunset

SO unto those upon the passing ship
Dim echoes of the wailing voices roll'd
Across the level waters:—"Lo, the King
Forever and forever—lo, the King
Forever and forever passes by!"
Whereat there fell a sudden nameless fear
Upon them of some strange and stormy death
In the great gulfs of sunset. One let fall
His heavy oar and shouted: "Hark, O King!
That echo of sad voices! Shall we die?
O whither do we sail?—for lo, the light
Fades down along the ocean, and our homes
We leave behind!"

Then all of them, gray men
Of battles who had laughed at many a death,
Rose up and thronged about him—"Hark, O King
That echo of sad voices! Shall we die?
O whither do we sail?"

And one: "O King,
Long years upon the deep we toiled, and now
Are fain to rest in quiet these few days
That storm and war have left us. For we move
Toward some great gulf of underwashing seas,
Whence nevermore, I think, shall we return!
No farther will we sail, for we are old,
And we would die at home among our friends!"
And all his comrades shouted: "Yea, O King,
No farther will we sail, for we are old.
And we would die at home among our friends!"
And as they cried the sea-wind died away;
The broidered sail drooped idly from the mast;
And the long vessel on the windless slopes
Lifted and down the noiseless hollows fell.

And then the old Ulysses, sad and slow·
"Have ye so soon forgotten what ye were?
Or do ye fear the tempests of the deep?
I thought to have ye by me till the last,
Living again the great days of our youth,
The great days that are gone forevermore.
My glory was your glory; we have fought
Together, on the land and on the deep,
In all things holding life as something more
Than something to be cherished like a flower.
Then were the golden days of noble deeds;
Then were the statelier heroes on the earth.
I, too, am old; yet little worth to me,
Whose stormy heart forever made of life
Something to be endured or overcome,
A dull and useless season ere the end.
Ye shall return. For me the voyage lies
To seek the Blessed Islands, whither passed
The comrades of my youth, the mighty Kings
And heroes of the battles."

Silence fell,
As falls the starry twilight on the hills.
Yet even as he spake, as tho' one heard
Beyond the autumn fields some happy voice
Singing a song of half-forgotten spring,
Upon their weary minds came blowing back
Great memories of the glories of old days,
The wars and all the wanderings of their youth;
How they had never faltered, never blenched
Before at any danger. So they stood
With shame-bowed heads; and low the swing and lap
Of the long hills of water on the sides
Of the slow-drifting ship; the idle oars
And cordage moaned and rattled; one great star
Blazed o'er the crimsoned hills of pillared mist
About the waning sunset, but a long
Gray-growing world of water stretched behind.

Then some one in his anguish; "O my King!"
And of a sudden all his comrades thronged,
Weeping, about Ulysses; "Nay, O King!
We care not to return to that dim isle!
We care not for the tempests of the deep!
O name us but thy friends again and we
Will follow where thou leadest till we die!"

And then the glad Ulysses; "Ah, my friends,
I knew ye would not fail me. We shall try
Together what adventure, what strange death
May wait beyond the sunset; and perchance
We may at length, blown by the kindly winds,
Come safely to the blessed afterworld,
And in some happy haven of the gods
Rest from the weary labor of the deep,
And furl the useless sail forever."

Then thinking of their olden wars and all
The endless peace from toil toward which they moved
They raised a shout of triumph, such a cry
As if an army, shouting on the hills,
Gathered its mighty strength ere yet it swept
To victory. Then again they seized their oars;
Across the rippling deep the sweet new wind
Came blowing; the long oars swept and fell
And with the sailors chanting some great song,
The strong wind blowing out the golden sail,
And gleaming of the helms, the stately ship
Moved swiftly, and passed on and on, and drave
Toward the deep sunset; and the great sun, rolled
In hills of vapor, on the far-off marge
Dipped and the quiet twilight gathered down.

W. H. F.

"The Mykadoo---A Comic Opera"

Introduction

THE author of "The Mykadoo" is one of those brilliant young Japanese who have completed the process of occidentalizing the Far East by transforming the ancient traditions of the Japanese stage,—the last stronghold of the Samurai civilization. It is noteworthy that altho the version herewith presented has been only slightly modified, the changes for the most part consisting in a literal translation of the original Japanese proper names *e. g. Rollem* from the original *Aich Ho*, yet it might very well be mistaken for a bona fide description of a small American college town. It is even conceivable that some unfortunately self-conscious individuals might find in some of these characters, which have already become classics of the Japanese stage, a mirrored likeness of their own peculiarities as they imagine other people see them. In this universal application of characters and situations we find evidence of the genius of the playwright as well as a measure of the degree in which ancient Nippon has donned the vestures of modern Western civilization.

Yet in the drama, as in the other arts and the sciences, Japan has adapted, rather than servilely adopted and the new product is certain to be more Japanese than Occidental. Thus a sympathetic analysis of this libretto (see Woodbridge) cannot fail to discover the unmistakable and distinctive characteristics of that Japanese art which is at once the envy and despair of the Western Hemisphere; *i. e.*, a certain vagueness of background and thinness of atmosphere on the one hand and on the other a startling fidelity to Nature in details, together with a tendency to

over-emphasis or exaggeration that sometimes even approaches the grotesque. We cannot forbear in this connection to quote from one of the most trenchant and strikingly original of modern critics; one who during the past winter has burst like a comet upon the gloom of the critical horizon, with a wit so brilliant as to be almost glaring and a learning that is little less than astounding in one so young. After reading the advanced sheets of this, the first English translation of "The Mykadoo," Mr. S. writes as follows:

"The genius of Nippon has brought forth one of the loveliest and most wonderful of the great national literatures. It is a literature which will well repay your careful study—as it has mine. I am also familiar with the French, German, Russian, Hebrew and Vedic literatures, besides Omar Khayyam and the Encyclopedia Brittanica. In this exquisite little libretto we have the latest and most perfect flower of Japanese art; yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the essential principles of its construction are the same which lie at the root of the great spreading tree of the English Drama. Japanese art has simply reached a higher state of development than that of the West and differs from it only in being more so. This I can easily demonstrate and will now do so. Watch me.

Trace the development of English drama from the pre-Elizabethan Miracle Play to Flora-Dora and what do we find to be the vital cohesive principle that runs through the whole and binds it into an organic unity. It must be evident to any one but a blind fool that the only thing in common between Marlowe and Bernard Shaw is incoherency. Shakespeare is sometimes inconsistent, Harry B. Smith oftener so, and here at last we have the perfect work of art that is absolutely without rhyme or reason, in which nothing happens but accidents and nothing is said but nonsense. I find in the "Mykadoo" then, the essential artistic essence of Job, Aeschylus, Euripides, Seneca, Plautus, Aristophanes, Moliere, Racine, Schiller, Wycherley and Goethe, Maeterlink, Pinero, Stephen Phillips, Bernard Shaw, Rostand, Hauptmann, Weber and Fields and William Shakespeare."

A

COMIC OPERA

In Three Acts
Entitled

"THE MYKADOO"

or, The School for Graft

[Translated and Adapted from the Original Japanese by B. M. and R. B.]

DRAMATIS IMPERSONAE.

An up-to-date College President
Mayor . . . . . An excitable individual
Police Force . . . . . A rotund "blue-coat"
Rollem . . . . . Keeper of a choice "confection parlor"
Carew . . . . . Owner of a pool-house
Gager . . . . . Proprietor of a total abstinence bar
Carmaker . . . . . A wealthy capitalist
Business Manager of the Rank Bum Fye

INTERMEZZO

Board of Trustees
Alumni
Saturday Night Club . . . . . A benevolent society

ACT I — Scene I.

Rollem's Corner—*Police Force leans pensively against a post, and sings in a monotonous monotone.*

Solo-Police-Force—

The criminal cringes in fear,
When he hears that I'm out on the trail;
He knows that he cannot escape
So he drops but a faltering tear
And gives himself up without bail,
I capture 'em all without fail.
Refrain—I capture 'em all without fail.

As the Somnolent Sleuth I am known,
But tho' others are greater in Fame,
King Brady, Nick Carter, and Holmes,
My cunning the world soon must own
And the mountains resound with my name.
Refrain—House Mountain resound with my name.

Bold murd'rers I've oft hunted down
Mere Bandits are usually tame,
But God help you and keep you from harm,
When the students have taken the town
And are out celebratin' a game.
Refrain—They are hell celebratin' a game.

Enter Mayor (*excited and breathless.*)

I won't have it. Graft is rampant in this place. I will make a stand for municipal purity. This is a "City Unashamed," it is "Corrupt and Content." I alone am ashamed. I will be its Weaver. "Civic Righteousness" is my watchword. There *shall* be an awakening. I—I shall lead the forces of reform.

Police Force (*dismayed.*) Wh—What's the matter now? Is it that Saturday Night Club again?

Mayor (*exstatically.*) Graft reigns openly in every corner of the town. Corruption is written in glowing letters on the portals of its public buildings. There must be an exposé.

Police Force. You've been listening to that new minister. I knew it.

Mayor. Yes, and we've got to hurry or he'll have 'em all in Sunday School, and there won't be anybody to reform. He'll be running things and they won't need a mayor. *We* must lead the reform. I appoint you Secret Service, District Attorney, Investigating Committee and Supreme Court.

Police Force. Watch me show up Jerome and Folk.

Mayor. Yes, yes—now listen. When you find a grafter grafting, and are sure the graft's a graft, get the grafter first and then later we can get the graft. But be sure to get the big grafters first. You see, don't you?

Police Force. What must I do with 'em? I never did any reforming before.

Mayor. (*Pompously.*) As secret service you must shadow the grafter, and report it to yourself immediately. Then as District Attorney prepare a warrant indicting the grafter for grafting. Then you've got to get your "billy" and arrest him. Try him before the Supreme Court, and appoint yourself an investigating committee. If he is really guilty, see that he is run out of town. That's clear now.

Police Force. But suppose the grafter is a real genuine grafter, but isn't grafting and is on a vacation? Must I catch 'em all in the act?

Mayor. As Supreme Court, you must issue him a writ of immunity stating that his graft is no longer a graft. But don't go and run all the grafters out of town at once. We won't have any body to vote for the Reform Mayor. (*Turns away.*)

Police Force. (*sotto voce*) Nor any Reform Mayor.

[*Exit Mayor.*

Police Force. (wearily.) Well I'll have to get busy now. My days of tranquility are over, and that Mayor will worry me to death. But my dream is realized, I can reap fame and renown. Who must I get first? Oh, yes! There's Rollem and Gager and Carew. Everybody knows about them but nobody ever minded them before. Well I'll have to get 'em. Let's see,—I, secret service, must get a warrant from me, District Attorney, giving myself, Police Force power to nab 'em for grafting. That ought to be fun. I'll go do it right away! (*Exit*)

ACT I.—Scene 2.

(Front of Docome Hall. Dark midnight. Slight fog. Voices heard in the distance singing).

"If you don't know who we are,
We're the grafters of the place
You can tell it from our "ads"
You can see it in our face:
We skin the boys, you know.
We relieve them of their dough,
And then we let them go
Oh, Oh,
And then we let 'em go,

Enter Carew, Rollem, and Gager "en ballet"

If you chance to think us green
Because we're rather old
You'll find out when you've seen
Us do the boys up "cold,"
That we're something on a stick,
Our grafts are very slick,
And we're awfully politic:
Oh, Oh,
We're awfully politic.

Gager. Ah 'tis a bitter thing to be cast forth from the place which one has helped to civilize and beautify. As the Good Book says, every Paradise has its Morning—after, as well as its Eve.

Rollem. *(aside)* That's a good one, I'll use it for a motto. *(aloud)* For three generations I have been the Students' friend. When they were hungry I fed them, when they were thirsty I gave them drink, when they were poor and strangers in a strange land I—I *took them in.*

Carew. And we public benefactors are to be driven out of town all because of this upstart of a President. He is behind it all. You'll see. He'll buy our business cheap and then make billiards a part of the curriculum and get rich himself.

GAGER (*pensively*). Yes, he'll ruin my character too. But the rain falleth alike on the just and unjust. I would revenge myself, if it were consistent with my character, but I must resist temptation.

CAREW. We can't do a thing. Hasn't he promised the Mayor the solid Faculty vote at the next election? And as for appealing to the courts or sending out a petition, what's the use? He is a particular chum of the Postmaster, no petition can go through the office without his knowing it.

ROLLEM (*hopefully*). Ah, but how about the rival candidate, he can't have 'em both.

CAREW. Huh—that's no good. Haven't you heard about it? Tom Martin goes to Roosevelt in favor of one of 'em: "You see, Mr. President," says he, "we've got all the leading citizens on this petition. Here's so-and-so and so-and-so, and here's the President of Dubunell College, you see." "I can't make out the President of Dubunell," says Teddy, showing his back teeth. "Here he's signed this man's petition, and written a letter of recommendation for the other. I can't figure it out," says the President. It ain't no use, he's got 'em all.

ROLLEM. He's got us sure; but maybe we can get back at him. As it is, we've got to go; just look at this order that cop gave us (glances through warrant). "Leave town at once and never return" And all for a little graft. Why there's lots of bigger grafters than we are. It looks like it's all over now, but you can't judge cheese by its odor.

(*Advance to center of stage and take a drink from a bottle of malt, which Gager produces*).

Trio (*Gager, Rollem, Carew*)

ROLLEM	GAGER	CAREW
My brain it teems	I am so good,	Whoever viewed
With wondrous schemes	That, if I should	Ingratitude
Both good and new	Have in my zeal	So base and rude?
The boys to do;	Made some one feel,	They should assist
But if I must	That there is cause	A philanthropist;
Shake off the dust	T' enforce the laws	For in my biz
Of this good town,	And make me go,	My policy 'tis,

Why, my renown
Which will go down
In history
Will be deep-dyed
As that of Hyde
Or Jesse James
And such fair names
And so
Although
I have to go
I'd like to know,
If there's a way
By which to stay
Or at least to pay
Before we go
The debt we owe
"Our mutual foe,"

They still should know
That I am no
Base hypocrite:—
I'm thro' and thro'
W. C. T. U.,
And I insist
A Methodist.
And so
Although
I hate to go,
I wish to show
It's not my fault
That my good Malt
Doth some exalt.
It cannot be
For you can see
My guarantee,

To uplift youth
From ways uncouth
At my expense
And as you say
At some brief day
I'll surely be
In bankruptcy.
And so
Although
I wish to go,
Before we flee
I'll try to see
If I can be
A nemesis
To him who is
To you and me
An enemy.

Reads guarantee from bottle:

"We guarantee this to be a non-intoxicating beverage, especially valuable for insomnia, indigestion and headache."

GAGER. Hush, I hear somebody coming down the steps, may be it's him. Let's go, quick. [*Retire around corner of building. Rollem cranes his neck a few feet around corner and awaits results.*]

[*President comes out of Docome, throws overcoat about his shoulders and stops on steps.*]

PRESIDENT. Huh, wonder what that noise was a minute ago. I guess I'll have to call somebody up for this. Who shall it be?

[*Manager of Rank Bum Fye enters.*]

PRESIDENT (*nodding.*) Well, Sir, how is the Rank Bum Fye coming on?

BUSINESS MANAGER. Oh, very nicely, thank you.

PRESIDENT. Huh! There don't seem to be much in it. It don't puff athletics enough, the editorials are inane, and the news is all copied from the County paper. I don't take much stock in a paper like that.

Business Manager (*with a wink.*) You can't. The stock is not for sale—

President. Huh, how's that Sir?

Business Manager. It's too good an investment, Sir—just like Standard Oil stock.

President (*taking him by the arm*). I think you're the very man I want. I've got something for you to do. Can you be discreet?

Business Manager. Yes.

President. You've had quite a little experience in—um—college affairs, haven't you?

Business Manager (*sings*).

When I, dear sir, first came to school
I was filled with a high ambition,
For I was, unlike the common "fresh"—
Desirous for erudition;
But I also wished for a scholarship
And a managership or two,
But if not those, I really thought,
A professorship would do.

In Docome Hall I roamed around
Like the lost sheep in the story,
For I thought that I should never have
A chance for gold and glory.
But I persevered in my earnest search
Nor my want of success deplored,
For I soon found a chance to attain my end
With a place on the Rank Bum Board.

The Rank Bum Board they shouted aloud,
As they gave their approbation,
"You shall reap the reward of your nerve, my boy,
In the current coin of the Nation,
You'll soon get used to the job, my boy,
And a very nice graft decree her,
She well may pass for a decent sheet,
If you're drunk and can scarcely see, sir."

(*Piano*) At last I amassed in good cold coin,
A couple of hundred or more sir.
But others who hadn't done so well
Persisted in getting sore, sir.
There were some who stuck to plain "cuss-words"
There were others who wished to sue, sir,—
(*Pianissimo*)
But now if you please, I'll undertake,
This little job for you sir.

PRESIDENT. You know Carmaker?

BUSINESS MANAGER. The guy that says he is going to die poor if he has to wait till the last day and then give away a billion?

PRESIDENT. Yes, that's the man. I feel it my duty to rid him of some of it. My plan is to invite him to address the Student Body at Finals. You must meet him and kidnap him. Lock him up in a bare room—the Dormitory will do—let his meals be sent from the University Inn—give him nothing to read, but the Rank Bum Fye and Silly Whields' poetry—have the glee Club sing nightly under his window. If he doesn't consent to a few millions of endowment by that time, provide him with a phonographic record of Sunny Jim's lectures.

BUSINESS MANAGER (*suddenly grasping head with both hands*). My God, suppose his mind should give way beneath the strain?

PRESIDENT. I had thought of that. But we must make the best of it. He will at least be eligible for manager of the foot-ball team under the present system.——Ah, think of what I can do with a few millions—I will have five hundred buildings each one of a different style of architecture. I will make Transylvania College look like the Athletic Field after a meeting of the Saturday nighters. I—I—(*breaks into song*)

(*President's Song*)
A more progressive young president never
Did any where exist,
When I was elected
They thought they'd selected
A genuine classicist;
But in my business-like endeavor

To corner a pile of "mun"
They all agree
I'm a second John D.,
And Tom Lawson all in one.

Refrain—Burbank I emulate
In striving to create
In time a hybridized college
And a cultureless graduate.

Let those disdain my ardor, who never
Have tasted this barbarous joy
To picture in rapture
The day when I'll capture
My seven hundredth boy.
In order to further my earnest endeavor
To give this school a yank,
A good education
I'll ship on probation
To any one filling a blank.
Refrain—Burbank I emulate etc.

Oh, what a vision of splendor inspiring
My eyes prophetic see,
To my words now hark ye
I'll paint you this archi—
Tectural pot-pourri!
You'll please recall without perspiring
Each style the Brittanica shows,
From a Muscovite Mosque
To a Chinese Kiosk,
Arranged in seventeen rows.
Refrain—Burbank I emulate etc.

Kindly imagine Old George a-posin'
Up there without any pants,
A-straddle a dome
That is partly Rom-

An, the other part Dutch Rennaisance.
Sure if architecture is music frozen
My plans will certainly suit ye
Unless ye object to the general effect
Of a petrified Hooche-Cooche.

Refrain—Burbank I emulate
In striving to create
In time a hybridized college
And a cultureless graduate.

PRESIDENT. You understand what I'm after don't you? You have shown yourself proficient in every other work which you have undertaken, and I am sure you will prove successful in this. Well, we'd better go now, it won't do for us to be seen talking together here, this time of night. I'll give you minute directions later, and you can get to work then. Good night, Sir.

BUSINESS MANAGER. Good evening. (*exeunt*)

(*Carew, Rollem and Gager come stealthily around corner.*)

GAGER. Saved by providence. I knew that men so upright as we, would never be allowed to suffer injustice. Tho' I never gambled for a cent in my life, I would have bet two bottles of Malt against a plugged quarter, that we would be spared.

ROLLEM. And to think that this brings with it a chance to make our fortunes.

CAREW AND GAGER (*breathlessly*). What do you mean?

ROLLEM (*gesturing with both hands a la francaise*). Don't you see, all we've got to do is re-kidnap Carmaker, and we can hold him up for what we want.

GAGER. Really, I never kidnapped a soul in all my sixty-eight years; but as you say, it is simply an expedient, and I don't think it could be looked upon as immoral. We'll make it a moral kidnapping—I'll do my best to win him—

CAREW. Oh, cut it out! Let's talk business.

ROLLEM. Well, it'll be all right anyhow. We won't do the old ransom act, we'll just make him *endow* us, then we'll be on a plane with all the rest of these people.

CAREW. We've got to find out when he's coming and then make our plans. Rollem, you find out, you know everything else. Ah, we'll get back at 'em all now, and get rich in the bargain.

Trio—ROLLEM, CAREW, AND GAGER

(*Expressivo.*)

Now plotter tremble, this day you'll rue,
You can't dissemble, we're on to you
Do what you will to escape our ire
You'll bow beneath our vengeance dire.

Solo—ROLLEM

Go sound his knell, his doom is sure;
Our torments fell he must endure

Solo—GAGER

He'll rant and rate with pure vexation
And imitate a Bull of Bashan

Trio—(*Fortissimo*)

Prepare for woe, your day is done
Our retributions just begun;
Your little plot we can forestall
And make it work a boon for all.

(*Exeunt omnes*)—*CURTAIN*—

ACT II—SCENE I.

Ruff House corner. Twilight. Police Force seated dejectedly on hotel steps.

POLICE FORCE (*philosophical monologue*). Well I'm glad it's over, I'm tired of reforming. All the grafters that I can get at, have either stopped grafting or I've run 'em out of town. Gager don't even sell hard cider now, Rollem has cut his prices, and Carew is running a model business. Somebody wanted me to get that Saturday Night Club, but I don't see any

harm in 'em. They don't hurt anything. I dont see why they don't consolidate the Fortnightly and the Saturday night club. They'd cut down expenses and would have lots more fun. But even these have quieted down now. Everything's so dead, I'm tired of sleeping. Oh, for the days of yore, when there was some thing to wink at, some favors to be granted, some little grafting for me, so that I could at least be a good imitation of a city cop. Now the only thing I can do is sleep—well, that's like 'em anyhow. What's that coming now? Why, here's a chance to get famous.

(BUSINESS MANAGER, *comes up street from depot dragging along a short, fat, gray-whiskered man, dressed in a $2.60 "hand-me-down." Inarticulate with his exertions the fat individual makes gurgling sounds and frantic gestures for assistance*).

POLICE FORCE. We'll, here's graft all right. I'll get my "rep" back now. I don't know exactly what's the matter, but I'll have to arrest him just the same.

(*Seizes Business Manager by arm. Fat one makes desperate efforts to escape but is tightly clutched by Business Manager*).

POLICE FORCE. In the name of the majesty of the law, I arrest you for disturbing the peace of this community.

BUSINESS MANAGER. Let us go. He—I—We are late for supper—he's sick and needs a doctor. His heart is weak. Turn me loose.

FAT MAN (*regaining breath*). Sir, officer, release me from this young mad man. Sir, do you know who I am? My name is Carmaker, and I resent such insolence and coercion. I am—

POLICE FORCE. You, Carmaker, the bulti-billionaire. Why, why—you're the biggest grafter yet. I've got to get you any how.

(*Releases Business Manager, who makes good his escape, seizes Carmaker with both hands*).

CARMAKER. I, a grafter. The richest man in the world to suffer indignities and insults at the hands of a paltry policeman. Why, sir I can buy up your tiny hamlet.

Police Force. Ah Sir! Really, Sir! I don't mean anything by it, but I've got to do it. (*Brightening up with sudden inspiration.*) It's all right, don't worry. You're on a vacation, ain't you; you ain't grafting now?

Carmaker (*bubbling with rage*). You, you must not apply that term to me. I repeat, I am a financier, not a grafter.

Police Force. Don't carry on that way, Sir. I'll fix it, I'll give you a writ of immunity and then let you go. But, come on, you'll have to stay arrested till I get you fixed up all right. Here's your hat, Sir. Come on, now, don't bother me any more.

(*Police Force drags Carmaker up street, who resists doggedly.*)

(*Enter Rollem and Gager stealthily, glance up street.*)

Rollem. Well, did you see that?

Gager. Yes, now our chance is gone and were going to be ruined after all.

Rollem. Why, it's all the better, don't you see all we've got to do is rescue him from the cop and win his everlasting gratitude. That'll be easy enough.

Gager. Then we won't have to hurt our self respect after all, will we?

Rollem. Oh, drop it! Come on, let's see what becomes of 'em. We've got to get ready quick and rescue him or they may turn him loose.

(*Exeunt*)

ACT II—Scene 2.

President's sanctum sanctorum.

President seated at desk writing.

Enter Business Manager, excitedly; rushes in without knocking.

Business Manager (*breathlessly*). Mr. President.

President (*continues writing*). Well, sir, what is it?

Business Manager. He—I—Carmaker is escaped, gone, arrested.

President (*looks up astonished*). What? What are you talking about?

BUSINESS MANAGER. I got him all right, and was coming straight from the station, when that cop grabbed me and said something about grafting. Then Carmaker told who he was, and he turned me loose and grabbed him. I ran away and came right away to tell you. Really, sir, it wasn't my fault,—don't blame it on me.

PRESIDENT. I must attend to this at once. Since it's the police, I don't expect much trouble. I think I can fix it all right. You may go, sir.

BUSINESS MANAGER. (*stops at door*). I'm mighty sorry but I did my best. (*Exit*)

PRESIDENT. Well, it's not as bad as it might be. I hope I can make it all right with Carmaker. I'd better go right up and do what I can now.

(*Exit President*)

ACT II.—SCENE 3.

Room in City Hall—Carmaker seated disconsolately before fire, with elbows resting on knees.

CARMAKER. What's wrong with everybody down here, anyhow? Are they all crazy? First, I am taken in charge by a young lunatic, who keeps hold of me all the time and rushes me round like a house afire. At the station I am met by a wild-eyed young man, who tries to read an ode, that he wrote in my honor,—it had something about tempestuousness, and somniferous, and Azrael and Lenore, that was all I heard. I don't know much about poetry, but I know he couldn't even write a soap "ad" for me. Even the cops down here are crazy—in fact, that one that just left is the wildest proposition I ever struck—rattled off a lot of crazy jargon about writs of immunity, investigating committees, secret service, criminal procedure, and a lot of other stuff. Well, I don't know what's going to happen, but one thing's certain; this is my first adventure down this way and my last too. No more lunatics for me. Oh, what's that noise?

(*Window suddenly flies up—Carew, Rollem and Gager leap through.*)

CARMAKER (*aside*). More lunatics—worse than the others.—(*To the trio*). Well, what do you want?

ROLLEM. Sh—we've come to rescue you, come on; be quiet.

CARMAKER. You get out of here. I've had enough of lunatics and rescuing already. I won't be rescued.

GAGER (*aside to Rollem and Carew*). What are we going to do now? Did you hear what he said?

CAREW. Well there ain't but one thing to do, that's kidnap him like we meant to do at first. Gager, you get his feet and I'll carry him out. Rollem, you see he don't make any noise. Come on, now, here goes.

(*Rush up and seize Carmaker who struggles violently to free himself, but in vain. Bear him out through window. Gager is temporarily disabled by the collision of his prominent and rotund middle with Carmaker's foot. Recovers and Carmaker is successfully borne away*).

CURTAIN.

INTERMEZZO.

College Campus in front of Main Building about 11 *p. m., on a clear June evening.*

Trustees in session in main building, while Alumni are gathered in chapel.

(*Singing heard in the distance*).

Tuesday nights come quickly round,
When we gather here, when we gather here,
Let good cheer abound, and our songs resound
As we drink our foaming lager beer.
O! Tuesday night is far too short
To drink our fill, to drink our fill;
Ho! Here we come, we're out on a bum,
And Alex Foxhall pays the bill.

Voice from main building—

Brethren, we must once more stand firm and resist all their onslaughts. One alumni representative on the board would give them a foothold. It would be as an armed band within a city, as the Greeks who entered

Trojan walls in the wooden horse. They would open our gates to the enemy—they would surrender the secrets which we have so zealously guarded—they would defeat our every scheme. Their power would grow even as Jonah's gourd, it would increase even as the mustard-seed. We must for our own sakes and for the sake of that which we represent, withstand their attempts to assist in the control of the school.

They will force us, they have said, to grant them their desires. Let them attempt it. The spirit of Calvin shall be a pillar unto us by day, and a torch by night to lead us into our promised land—complete control of the school in every department. The school will suffer educationally, and materially; but spiritually and religiously it shall prosper. We shall have succeeded if there be but one goodly-minded student left in the day of our final triumph. The alumni are already disheartened and are ready to cease all interest in the school. This is the goal for which we strive. The day of our triumph is at hand. Let us stand firm and wait patiently, brethren.

Voice from chapel—

Brothers, fellow alumni of Washington and Lee, it is time for us once more to rebel against the absolutism that controls the Alma Mater. Bosses have fallen elsewhere, bosses shall fall at Washington and Lee. We have it in our hands to rise and overthrow that body which has so long tyrannized over us.

Behold, we are men of power and energy, distinguished for the parts which we have played in the affairs of the world. And yet in one of our chiefest interests, we are dominated by men of less force than ourselves. We see policies pursued, which we believe detrimental to our college. Let us arise in greater strength than ever before, let us rouse our fellow alumni, and fight to the finish for our rights. We must at last achieve the victory.

(*Moving heard in Trustees rooms as they rise to sing.*

Voice heard—Brother—please raise the tune. (*Singing begins in nasal monotone*).

Should old John Calvin be forgot
And his theology.
Should old John Calvin be forgot
In Washington and Lee.

Refrain

For sake of old John C., my friends,
For sake of old John C.,
We'll sing a hymn before we go
For sake of old John C.

We've kept each other on the board,
We've put no other on,
Save one with Calvinistic views
For sake of dear old John.

Refrain

'Tho we have nearly wrecked the school
Our record still is clear;
We've kept our places as we should
For sake of Calvin dear.

Refrain

So here's a hand, my reverend sir,
Our consciences are free.
We'll ruin the school, if so we must,
For sake of old John C.

Refrain

For sake of old John C., my friends
For sake of old John C.,
We'll sing a hymn before we go,
For sake of old John C.

(Singing from within chapel).

By the banks of old North River, winding lazy round the hill,
To the dear old college campus, my thoughts are turning still;
For the college bells are calling, and I know they say to me,
Come you back, you old Alumnus, back to Washington and Lee.

Back to Washington and Lee,
To the dear old varsitee,
Can't you hear the students cheering, and the old songs ringing free?
Back at Washington and Lee,
That is where you'll want to be,
When the Finals are beginning and the old grads call for thee.

'Tho my college days are over many, many, years ago,
Yet my heart will beat the faster, and my blood the warmer flow,
When a thought of Alma Mater comes to thrill me through and through,
Or I see again the colors of the dear old White and Blue

Oh, our hearts are ever true,
And we're worthy sons to you,
Come, boys, let's give a cheer
For the dear old White and Blue.
Back at Washington and Lee, etc.

Ship me back to old Virginia, where the summer skies are blue,
Where the gods walk on the hill-tops in the sunset's rosy hue,
For I've heard their voices calling and it's there that I would be,
In the shadow of the mountains, back at Washington and Lee.

For Washington and Lee
For the dear old Varsitee,
We will sound the fame of her fair name from mountain-side to sea.
Back at Washington and Lee
That is where you'll want to be,
When the Finals are beginning and the old grads call for thee.

(Trustees and Alumni come out of buildings simultaneously and meet in front of main building—singing faintly heard in distance—sound grows louder as Saturday Night Club approaches. As Alumni and Trustees approach each other they sing antiphonally).

Alumni:—

Why don't you resign
As you ought to have done,
When we asked you before
In the year nineteen one?

Trustees:—

Hallelujah! we are here,
Hallelujah! going to stay,
Hallelujah! we are stickers,
That's all we have to say.

(Break off suddenly as Saturday Night Club comes nearer.)

PRESIDENT OF BOARD. Really, gentlemen, we should not be here, we should not be onlookers at such proceedings. Let us separate and depart at once.

(Trustees flee precipitately. Saturday Night Club rounds corner. Alumni break up into groups, some of the younger grads fall into S. N. C. while others watch proceedings from behind trees.)

(Saturday Night Club enters singing.)

Where the foam mounts high on the stein,
Where the cup circles freely around,
Where the glass glows red with the wine
Good fellows are sure to be found.

Refrain—For we're jolly good fellows gathered here,
To drown our cares in lager beer;
Our cares are few, the beer is much,
So fill your steins and shame the Dutch.

When we've drunk as much as we care,
(Of beer may there never be dearth)
Then our song rings out o'er the air,
And the night grows gay with our mirth.
Refrain—For we're jolly good fellows gathered here, etc.

(Alumni gradually emerge and mix in with the Saturday Nighters. Trustees in full flight.)

CURTAIN

ACT III.—SCENE I.

(College Campus on morning of Carmaker's address. Students' Alumni, etc. gathered around auditorium awaiting approach of speaker. Time for his arrival is past and crowd becomes impatient.)

Enter President looking haggard and worried. Mounts steps and motions for silence.

PRESIDENT. Gentlemen, I really cannot account for the delay of the speaker of the morning. Some accident must have befallen him, or he may be ill. I shall go at once and ascertain the cause of the delay.

Meanwhile—(breaks off suddenly as Carmaker enters breathlessly and rushes toward students with extended arms.)

CARMAKER. I appeal to you to protect me from the network of plots which surround me. (*President descends steps and comes toward Carmaker as if to greet him.*)

CARMAKER. (*shrinking back toward crowd, points toward President with a trembling hand*). There gentleman, there stands the man who lured me to this place and has been the cause of all my difficulties. Sir, I know of the snare you set for me, and I shall reveal it all.

PRESIDENT (*calmly*).—Produce your proofs, sir!

CARMAKER.—Here they come.

(*Enter Rollem, Gager, Carew and Business Manager of Rank Bum Fye; Police Force brings up rear.*)

PRESIDENT. Hum, I'm up against it now. (*addresses newcomers*) I'm ready to compromise, gentlemen,—what do you demand?

ROLLEM. Give us a permanent license to conduct our business.—

GAGER. And give us a place on the campus.—

CAREW. Recognize the great educational work we have been carrying on and give us a place on the college curriculum.

BUSINESS MANAGER. In short establish a School of Graft. The Rank Bum Fry should have the ground floor.

CARMAKER. (*beaming*) Great! I'll give you an endowment. For years I have been looking for a school, that would inculcate in the American youth those sound business principles, to which I owe my success. Here at last I have found what I want.

PRESIDENT. Very well. Instead of erecting for you a new building with the endowment, I will use it to pay the railroad fare and board of three hundred new students. But I will, instead, turn over to you the new Alumni Building and having put columns around the Gymnasium call it Alumni Hall.

ALUMNI (*huddled together*). Shall we object?

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:—
This is preposterous,—not that we mind a little graft—

PRESIDENT:—Keep quiet. We won't teach anything but Calvinistic Graft.

POLICE FORCE (*Recitative*).

My brain's a' muddle with the things
That every new exposure brings;—
When first commissioned by the mayor
The town of every graft to clear,
I little thought the end would bring
The banishment of everything.
Not much amazed when I had found
A grafter everywhere in town,—
I found my duties just begun,
The college boasted two for one.
The smaller grafts came first in view,
The Collegian and The Touchstone too,
The *Rank Bum Eye*, however, vies
With the grand-stand scheme for major prize.
Political schemes that I have seen
Would turn Tom Platt with envy green.
Athletic managers alone
Can never reap what they have sown:
The students sow subscriptions wide,
Then, *payments due*, they slyly hide,
They watch the game with joyful soul
And leave the manager—in the hole.
But let me quit these minor strains
And tell where graft in power reigns:—
Up at the top graft grimly stalks,
Library, "dorm," and cement walks,—
The trustees too have their full share
As when the college they declare
Is purely undenominational.
But sing to Calvin hymns ovational.
Alas, I've found in all the place
But one thing with an honest face,
That is exactly what it swears
And no false-colored garments wears.

ALUMNI:— Ah, now your point we clearly see
We must that virtuous body be.

POLICE FORCE.—(You)!
You see the *Mater* whom you praise
Dishonored and no hand upraise;—
Ah! Loyal sons ye are in deed,
Who come not at your mother's need.

(*Various ones have withdrawn as they were accused. Alumni now exit with downcast heads.*)

POLICE FORCE:—The Saturday Night Club alone
Can dare to call its deeds its own.

(*Exit Saturday Night Club bearing Police Force on shoulders singing.*)

We're jolly good fellows gathered here,
To drown our cares in lager beer,—
Our cares are few, the beer is much,
So fill your steins and shame the Dutch.

CURTAIN

ON A
BUM
MALTED
MILK
HADES
HIGH
BALL
C.P.Winter.

A Fable

ONCE upon a time there were two young men with whom it came to pass that in their day of fullest immaturity and of ripest inexperience there befell them a great trust. And the trust was this: that they should make a Book which should be worthy to bear the two which are Names beyond honor or reproach. Where upon the young men cried out against the Gods, who had decreed it thus in a moment of merry jest, (for the 6.30 had just pulled into Mt. Olympus and thereon a consignment of nectar); and the young men spake, one unto the other, saying, "We are but dolts and asses, and the Gods are drunk."

But as they lamented there came unto them Two, One from the North and One from beyond the Western Hills. Yea, even as Angel-shapes "shining through the dusk" the Two Gracious ones came unto the young men, and laid soft hands upon them as they knelt in their misery, and spake unto them saying: "Be of good cheer. For though we come from the North and from the West, yet are we still, like you, of the South; and whatsoever we may do, shall be done for the glory of the two names. (Now be it known unto all men that, despite of Omar and of sour-stomached church-building committees, there is but one angelic sex; and this we know.)

Then the Gracious Ones began to build in such wondrous fashion as, since the childhood of the people, none save Angels and Good Fairies were ever wont to use; and beneath their hands the Book arose, a thing of beauty, like unto a flower. And anon others came to aid them, from the North and from the West, saying: "For the glory of the two names, it shall be made beautiful." So that the hearts of the young men did swell within them and they said unto themselves "Verily, our names shall be called blessed, yea, and our childrens', if they have any."

But, alas, it came to pass that about this time the Gods began to sit up and take notice. For altho' it was the night of the Olympian Fortnightly yet was the nectar sadly low and the Gods were not very drunk—not so drunk as they would have liked to be; wherefore were they grouchy. And they summoned Hermes to don his motor-boots and go quickly unto the place of the building of the Book and say unto all Guardian Angels and Good Fairies, "Skidoo;" likewise, "23." Whereupon Hermes came unto the place and said unto the young men: "Ye have evaded the decrees of the Gods and made a jest of their jest. Wherefore your name is Dennis; and whatsoever has been done may stand, but the rest of the Book ye shall finish yourselves. For are ye not Editors?

Then the young men labored long and vehemently and the mountain-streams were swollen with their tears and the bitter sweat which they sweated; and behold their last condition was worse than their first, so that the glee of the Gods increased momentarily until Mt. Olympus resembled nothing so much as the Senior Banquet room at 4 A. M. For, in the hands of the well-meaning young men, the Book which the gracious Fairies had left them was like unto the First-born Infant in the hands of the Young Father, and the things which they did unto it were grievous—yea, even the limit. And when they had finished, the one said unto the other, "Verily it is a mess, and we are the fools of the Gods. Yet upon their heads be it, for they have been drinking "Uno" (which is what you drink when you are up against it); and they are very drunk."

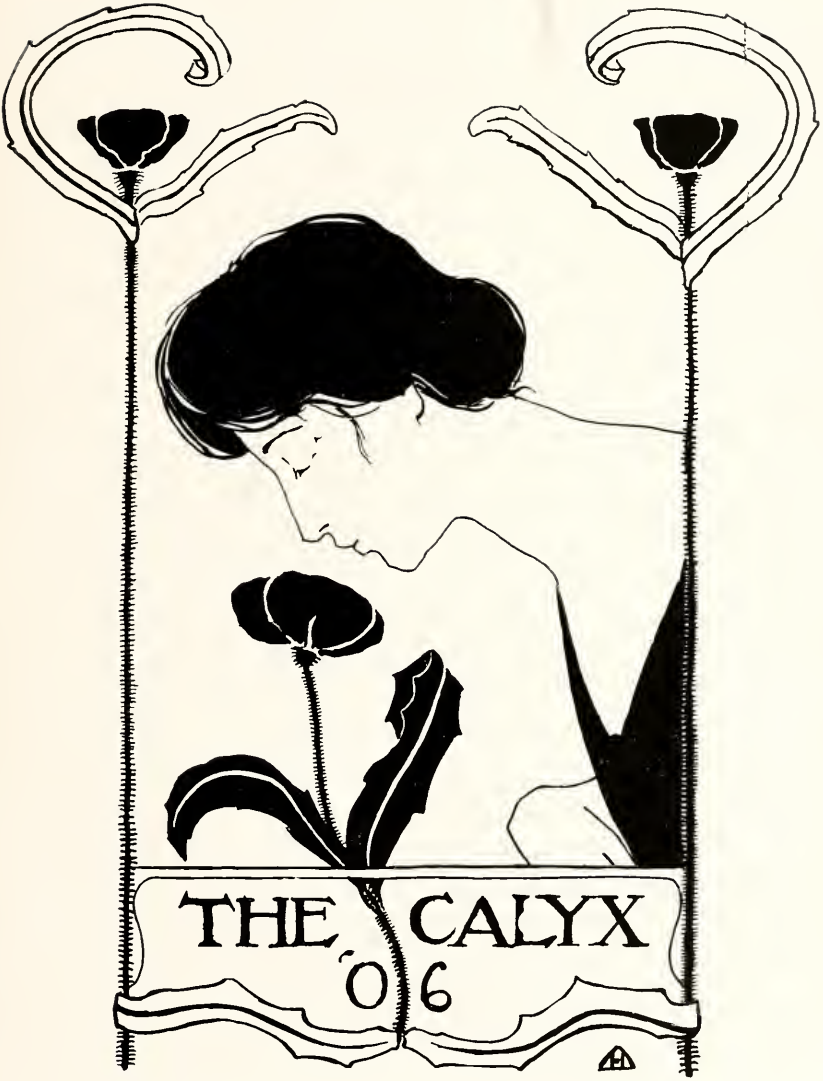
Wherefore, since it is decreed of the inexorable Fates that no Book may be made but that it shall be edited we do beseech you, Gentle Reader, blame not the Gracious ones. For whatsoever is good is theirs and, at that, much the worse for wear; and whatsoever is evil they knew nought of. Moreover, knock not the young men, or, at least, grant that their jack was not the lack of labor or of taking thought. If ye must needs knock, can you not knock the Gods?

—* —

Afterword

The loyal response of Alumni and Students to every call made upon them by the Editors we are ready to accept as only what is rightfully due to the CALYX. We take this opportunity however of making our grateful acknowledgements to certain who stand to the University in the more objective relation of "outsiders" and yet to whose enthusiastic interest any merit of the Book is largely due: to Mr. Meredith Nicholson who has courteously permitted us to reprint "A Virginia Impression" from the "Phi Gamma Delta Monthly" in which it originally appeared, and who has, in addition, taken considerable pains to revise the article in question for our use; to Miss Neale and Miss Russell and Messrs. Harshe Witten, and Winters, who contributed drawings; and to Miss Foster, who has made offering of that fine gift of poetic expression which of late has attracted so much attention in certain literary circles and has commanded the homage of such critics as Madison Cawein and our own Washington and Lee poet, W. H. Field.

The water-color series was done by Miss Johnson of Louisville Ky., and Miss Taylor of Washington, D. C., besides doing the largest part of the drawings for the Book has designed the cover and margins and acted as "Art-Editor" down to the smallest detail of the Book. It is needless to say, that these are the two "Gracious Ones" to whom we have attempted to make some acknowledgement above, altho' nothing we might say could lessen our burden of indebtedness—our burden and that of every Washington and Lee man.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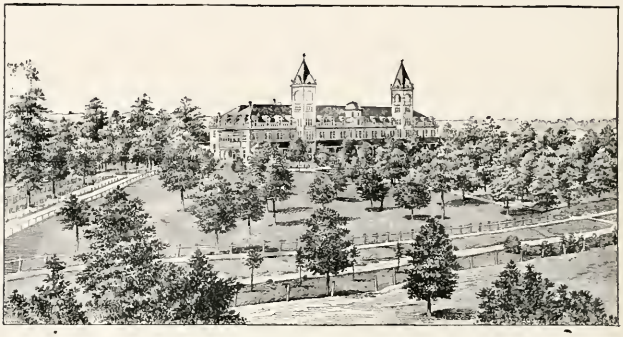

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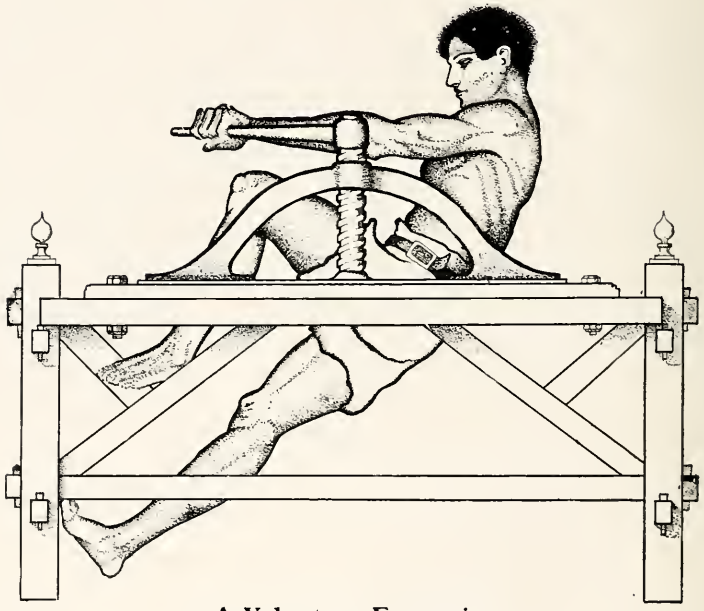

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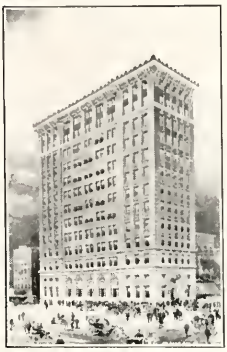

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